Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 19.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 23—Mr. and Mrs. CHIPPINDALE'S BENEFIT. First Act of THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH—COMIC SONGS, DUETS, &c.—WEDDING DAY.
MONDAY, June 25—Fourth night of Madame Caradori Allan's engagement.
TUESDAY, June 26—Mr. JONES'S BENEFIT. FRA DIAVOLO—and THE DEW DROP.
WEDNESDAY, June 27—Fifth night of Madame Caradori Allan's engagement.
THURSDAY, June 28—Miss CUSHMAN'S BENEFIT.
FRIDAY, June 29—Last night of Madame Caradori Allan's engagement.
Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

MR. JONES begs leave respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that his benefit will take place on Tuesday next, June 26th, on which occasion will be presented the favorite opera of FRA DIAVOLO: Fra Diavolo (first time), Mr. Jones; Lorenzo, by a Gentleman of this City, a pupil of Mr. Jones, (his first appearance); Zerlina, Mrs. Hughes. The entertainments to conclude with the operatic ballet of THE DEW DROP. Donald, Mr. Jones; Hela (first time), Mr. Morley; Dew Drop, Miss Wells.

Things Theatrical.

THE THEATRES.—We have devoted so much space to the tragical affair of last Saturday, as to have no room for our usual "things theatrical." PLACIDE and RICHINGS have had rather so so benefits this week at the Park, to our regret. At the National, GEORGE BARRETT and his lady are carrying on the war. With a hundred items of news before us, we have not space for a line more.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF MISS MISSOURI.

We would fain have passed over this painful subject in silence. Our readers no doubt expect us to take a different course, and the interest we have felt, and so often expressed, in behalf of one now beyond the reach of her tormentors, and the thousand and one erroneous reports pervading this community, conspire to induce us to forego our own pleasure, and indite something more consistent with the truth than has yet met our eye on this melancholy topic.

We have never known more stupidity exhibited, nor more rank and measureless falsehood find its way to the press, than have been bruited through the city during the past week on the subject of the demise of this unfortunate female. From whatever source it emanates, it is characterised by such black malignancy, and has for its objects such fell and villanous purposes, (among which is the ruin of a sister of the deceased,) that we cannot refrain from entering on the subject with some warmth of feeling, and a determination to meet the swollen current in its full career, and charge home to their sources "the ingredients of the poisoned chalice" so amply prepared for another's lips.

To be understood in our remarks by our readers at a distance, we must be indulged in a short recital of facts. It was the misfortune of Miss MISSOURI to have had a mother who notoriously derived her means of living in affluence, from sources the most corrupt; yet she was not so entirely lost to all feelings of shame and humanity as to subject her children to scenes of depravity, and they have always resided in her private house, distinct and remote from any public establishment under her control. In another respect the mother fulfilled her duties. From their earliest infancy no pains nor money were spared to secure to them a course of tuition that would enable them to assume a respectable station in society, and there are few in this community who have had bestowed on them so expensive an education as was given to Miss MISSOURI, and yet fewer are there, who exhibit the same degree of improvement in every accomplishment within the range of female instruction. After residing some years at an eminently fashionable boarding school she returned to this city and to her mother's private dwelling, where she received from distinguished professor's instruction in every branch of education which she or her friends deemed requisite to enable her to enter on the profession of her choice with signal advantages.

Our situation as editor, and our intimacy with all theatrical matters, made us familiarly acquainted with Miss MISSOURI some years since. We had watched with great interest her progressive improvement, and have often and again been advised with by herself and friends on all matters touching her interests. During this long period we never heard and never for a moment suspected that she was not treated with the greatest personal kindness and affection at her home, where she certainly enjoyed every indulgence which a lavish expenditure of money could afford her.

Within a very few weeks we learned from herself that there was a great difference of opinion among those whom she thought her friends as to her future professional course. By some she was urged to continue playing with Mr. HAMBLIN, and under his auspices—by others she was cautioned against such a connection as highly detrimental to her prospects, and dangerous to her character. The subject seemed to give her much anxiety, as she was undetermined which was the proper course, and she said her friends on both sides were violent in their opinions. The next thing we heard was, that she had secretly left her parent's roof—chosen a guardian—was residing in a public boarding house, and had determined to continue her theatrical career as the *protege* of Mr. Hamblin. Shortly after it was said she had been forced by some unpleasant occurrences, to leave the house in which her misjudging and ignorant guardian had placed her, and that she was ill from anxiety and trouble—three days elapsed, and we were shocked at the intelligence that she died a raving maniac at Mr. HAMBLIN'S house!

Miss MISSOURI no doubt died of an "Inflammation of the brain," as a coroner's jury have decided, after a "post mortem" examination. We shall take the liberty to go a little further back and ask,—what were the causes that induced this fatal disease? There were two main ones, and only two, in our opinion. The first was the character of mind and constitution of the crucified victim. A feminine sensibility of soul, a refinement of mind, and a nice sense of decorum, with a corresponding delicacy of constitutution have ever awakened the sympathies and the pity of all who knew her, and constituted the chief material of her nature. Yet was she artless, vivacious and confiding, and, alas, but partially aware of the great and infinite calamities to which her sad position in society exposed her. The second cause was the unredeemed grossness and shameless barbarity of *all those* to whom nature or circumstances had committed the destiny of this fragile flower. For ourselves, we find it difficult to award the meed of superiority in inexorable cruelty among this crew of her remorseless persecutors, who concentrate within their circle as deep a degree of ferocious depravity as blackens the annals of vice and corruption. Miss Missouri died a victim to the most rapacious selfishness. Money was the object. Gain, clear, sheer gain, prompted every movement, and urged on the chase on all sides. Others can see more hellish motives: we can see enough in the impulse which the prospect of gain can give to sordid souls to account for measures so monstrous—so inhuman—so fatal. In this contest for the control of the talent of Misss M., and the emoluments arising from their exercise, no arts were left untried. No manœuvre or stratagem so gross but was put into requisition—no deception, no false representation of the public feeling was unattempted—no circumstance so revolting, and no rumor so infamous, but was poured upon her distracted mind, that she might feel at once her debasement and her dependence. Alas, with what horror must this "distraught and delicate maiden" have looked upon the ruin that gaped around her. Without a friend in whom she dared confide—surrounded by all that was ghastly in sin and hideous in avarice, she felt herself sacrificed to the self-interest of those whose management and persecutions had placed her in a position in which it was impossible to continue: her mind bent before the tempest—her brain reeled beneath her load of sorrow—at length her heart broke, and her soul was surrendered into the hands of her Creator.

Hideous as are these imperfectly sketched details, there is a circumstance consequent upon them, equally infamous. There have been various efforts made through a portion of the press during the week, though doubtless all emanating from the same source, to impress this community with the belief that much of the misery and wickedness of these transactions should be attributed to the jealousy indulged by Miss CLIFTON towards her half sister, Miss MISSOURI. These infernal efforts are, to our mind, a most becoming and crowning climax to the horrid tragedy. Will not one victim satisfy the fiendish rapacity of those who have put this report in circulation?—Do they hope or expect to shift the odium and indignation of the public from their shoulders by casting this slanderous imputation on one whose love for her sister has ever been marked by a most solicitous regard for her interests and her honor, and who has, probably, drawn upon herself the base charge of jealousy by her having months ago urged with tears and entreaties that Miss Missouri should not commit her destinies into the hands of one whom the community believed stained and steeped to the lips in vice?

In an evil hour she forgot the warnings of her sister, and placed herself under the direction of those who, however capable in the management of their own concerns, must bring a withering blight on the prospects of any female whose success may at all depend on the favorable estimation in which she is held by a community proverbially scrupulous of the character of those females on whom it bestows its patronage.

These accomplished sisters could never have been rivals: though both possessed of talents, still their powers were suited to an entirely different line of characters. Instead of rivalship and jealousies, they would no doubt have contributed to each other's success, and afforded such mutual aid as their different capabilities so well enabled them to present.

The public has been given to understand that Miss MISSOURI left her natural protectors on account of actual and anticipated ill-treatment, and that the mother's harshness towards her child arose wholly from her determination that Miss M. should relinquish all thoughts of appearing again upon the stage. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The mother had no desire to withdraw her daughter from the pursuit of a profession she had selected, and to the attainment of which she had devoted months of study, and her mother very large sums of money. There was, however, a conflict between the daughter and parent, and it was, whether Miss Missouri should remain longer in the control of HAMBLIN—whether she should be subservient to his interests alone—whether it were better for any little present advantage to forego great ultimate good—whether there was no danger of blemishing her reputation by thus continuing a professional connection, already giving currency to loudly whispered rumors.

It is astonishing to us that even this individual, selfish as he is, could have been so blind to his own interests, as well as reckless of the welfare of one he was professing to serve, as to have identified her affairs at all with his own. He, of all men, should have been the last to counsel her to leave a happy and contented home,—much less to receive her beneath his own roof, and then noise it forth to the world that he was rescuing an ill-used child from the hands of a vindictive and remorseless parent. It cannot be that he has yet to learn that female reputation is forever blighted by the mildew of his society—that there is contamination, a most leprous and loathsome contamination, in all association with him, and most especially by one whose position in life deprived her of the charity of the world, and whose every action was watched and canvassed with cold, calculating severity. The plea, too, for this measure was so in the very face of what every one knew to be true!—for where did he learn that the mother was cruel to her child?—what prompted the poor child to plead a parent's cruelty as a reason for leaving a home in which for years she had been respected and happy?—who suborned a discharged servant, and dictated a foul and infamously false affidavit to give color to this step?—who dictated the selection of her guardian?—what was the necessity of concealments and lurking midnight movements?—why, after the poor victim was released from heart-rending sufferings by an untimely death, was a Coroner's Inquest held over her remains?—and who procured to be written on the evening of her demise, and under the same roof that covered the mangled body of the poor child, an atrociously false and outrageous report of the proceedings before the Jury, calculated to forestall public opinion, and to shield from odium and universal indignation guilty and prominent participators in the horrid tragedy? We are no apologist for any one who may have contributed in the remotest degree to drive this poor child mad. We detest one and all of them with inexpressible loathing. But let none escape their just meed of censure and public rebuke, and let the weight of retribution fall heaviest where it is most deserved.

On the 3d of July next, that is to say, on Tuesday week next, the very day when by the Almanac "Dog Days begin," Mr. JOHN BLAKE, treasurer of the Park, is to receive a benefit at that establishment. We say he "is to receive a benefit," and how can we say less? "Taking a benefit" and "receiving a benefit," are "horses of a different color," and many who have been so unlucky as to "take a benefit" this season have "pocketed a loss." Everybody knows JOHN BLAKE, of course, for as Knowles says, "Not to know him proclaims thyself unknown;" and as he happens to be a very clever fellow, and as much a fixture of the Park as one of its corner stones, we make no doubt of *his* "receiving a benefit." Miss ELLEN TREE has volunteered her services, like a charming young lady as she is, and we are to have the *Lady of Lyons*, and other entertainments, from which it will be seen by those who "know as much as a small yellow dog," that Blake will be treated to a bumper.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Philips has composed an opera—words and music. He has entitled it *The Harvest Queen*, and the harvest to be reaped from it will assuredly not be of *laurel*.

Buckstone's *Weak Points* have been strong cards for the Haymarket half prices—the house has been nightly filled at that hour since the first night of their production.

The English Opera House, at present closed, will be opened, it is said, at the close of the Drury Lane season, by a committee of management, consisting of Messrs. Compton, Frazer, Seguin, Manvers, &c.

Sadler's Wells opens on Whit-Monday, under the sole management of Mr. R. Honner. Haines is the author of the first piece, which is entitled *The Rye House Plot*. After this there is a farce by Selby, and a new grand spectacle.

The celebrated comic actor, Potiers, died on Saturday, at his country seat of Fontenay-sous-Bois, near Paris, in the 64th year of his age.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

COVENT GARDEN.—Sheridan Knowles has achieved another and a splendid triumph for the modern stage, in the perfect success of his new comedy; and Macready, by the combination of talent that gave effect to its performance, and by his spirited efforts in its production, has won for his management "golden opinions from all sorts of people." *Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguises*, ever in the ascendant in the matter-of-fact world, has irresistibly asserted its supremacy in the world of fiction; and with magnetic power draws, and will continue to draw, all who honor dramatic talent of the highest order, to Covent Garden, till the close of the season. If Ben Johnson, over his cheering cup of Canary, said of Cartwright, (who though a clever poet, never produced one scene adapted to the stage,) "My son Cartwright writes all like a man," well may we conceive the generous exultation with which—had Knowles been his contemporary, and taken his fitting station amongst the host of master spirits that gave grace and glory to the Elizabethan age—"rare Ben" would have paid to the author of "The Wife," "The Hunchback," "The Love Chase," and "Woman's Wit," the tribute of

"the best of fame, a rival's praise."

But to the play. Though its two-fold title indicates no two-fold plot, yet it is in reality a double drama; for in the action two distinct and independent stories (each forming sufficient grounds for the structure of a separate play) are presented, and wrought out to a triumphant end, without in any way involving or complicating the incidents or the interest of either. Here was the difficulty of the position chosen by the first and best of our living dramatists for the exercise of his skill, as if to show how easily true genius can not only surmount the most formidable obstacles, but convert them into auxiliaries of its own success.

The characters are admirably defined, and their peculiar features and attributes as admirably preserved throughout. The womanly waywardness of the capricious beauty (Hero Sutton,) contrasting as finely with the deep and passionate suffering of Helen Mowbray, as the self-torturing fastidiousness and wilfulness of Sir Valentine de Grey with the melancholy tenderness and chivalrous bearing of Walsingham; for these are the titles and the qualities of the principal personages of this divided scene. Hero, by that buoyancy of spirit which was only designed more firmly to secure the affections of her youthful but too sensitive admirer, Sir Valentine de Grey, discovers, when almost too late, that her seeming levity had had the very opposite effect, and well nigh estranged him from her; and resorting to *Woman's Wit* for some expedient "to lure this tersel-gentle back again," she has recourse to *one* of *Love's Disguises*, and, doffing her rich attire, her gems and flaunting plumes, assumes the garb, mien, and deportment of a young Quakeress; and the beauty whose charms are only enhanced by the modest simplicity of her dress, secures for the pretended Ruth Mapleson the admiration and the love that the thoughtless vanity and caprice of Hero Sutton had forfeited. Helen Mowbray, on the other hand, whose fair fame had been sacrificed to the slander of a villain, whose infamous licentiousness she had baffled, seeks, in the disguise of the stripling Eustace, to escape the observance of all who once knew, esteemed, and loved her, whilst, by the incessant practice of the small sword, she qualifies herself for the perilous ordeal of mortal combat to which (having no father, brother, or relation on earth to do her right) she determines to call Lord Athunree, the malignant calumniator who had not only blasted her reputation, but thereby lost her the love of Walsingham, to whom such proofs of her apparent guilt had been shown, as to impress its damning conviction on his mind. The interest of the play reaches its climax in the fourth act, where Hero's recognition of her long-lost and still dearly-cherished friend, Helen Mowbray, disguised as she still is, gives rise to one of those scenes of masterly power which none can depict so vividly or so touchingly as Knowles: and to that succeeds the scene of the intended duel, to which Helen comes with the desperate resolve either of forcing Lord Athunree to confess the infamy of his falsehood, and so, in the presence of the unconscious Walsingham, redress the foul and grievous wrong he had done her, or, failing in that, to perish on his sword. The scene is, in poetical conception and masterly execution, the most successful even of Knowles's most successful efforts;—it stands unrivalled in the drama of the last century and a half, and it would be difficult indeed to point to passages of more thrilling power even in the drama of a preceding age. We can award Mr. Macready and Miss Taylor no higher praise than to say, that they completely entered into the author's spirit, and identified themselves with the beings of his creation. The house reverberated with enthusiastic and reiterated plaudits. We have seldom seen Miss H. Faucit to more advantage than as Hero Sutton, in which she displayed more versatility of talent, and a richer vein of comic humor, than we had given her credit for: neither should her scene with Helen be passed unnoticed. It merited all the applause it received. Anderson's Sir Valentine de Grey was less effective than we had anticipated from the merit which lately gained him so much favor as Romeo; but as we consider him to be the most promising actor of the day, we will let him into the secret of this comparative failure. In the opening scene he unfortunately indulged in those mannerisms, or more properly speaking, *Macreadyisms*, which he should most carefully eschew, and he put the audience out of humor with him. He has too much talent, and stands deservedly too high in public estimation, to render recourse to such aids otherwise than dangerous to him; and we beseech him to "reform it altogether." When he did justice to himself, and gave play to his own naturally fine voice, he left us nothing to desire; and his love scenes with Ruth were graceful and effective. Warde looked "the gay, bold-faced villain," Athunree, to the life, and played as well as he looked the character. Diddear delivered the somewhat prolix soliloquy of Lewson with energy and feeling, and shared in the general commendation. When Macready came forward at the fall of the curtain to announce the representation of the comedy for "every evening until further notice," the simultaneous cheers with which he was greeted best told its complete, its unqualified success. The whole house "rose at him" as one man. Knowles was soon afterwards called forward to receive the hearty and grateful congratulations of the audience; and a similar tribute of admiration was paid to Miss Taylor and Miss H. Faucit. Unbounded as was the favor with which Woman's Wit was received on its first representation, it has increased in effect and in attraction with every succeeding repetition, and must be regarded as emphatically "the play of the season." If we mistake not, it is destined to have a more brilliant and continuous run even than "The Love Chase." Age.

HAYMARKET.—A new piece was produced at this house on Monday last, May 21, entitled *The Irish Barrister*. It was a very dull affair, and was justly condemned. Mrs. Waylett and Power did all they could to save it, but their exertions were of no avail. It has since been withdrawn. Jerrold has a burletta in preparation, which will shortly be brought out at this establishment.

OLYMPIC.—*Patter versus Clatter*, a clever piece by Charles Mathews, was performed for the first time at this theatre on Monday last, 21st May. It was very successful. Mathews personated several characters most admirably. We have never seen him more *at home*. He occasionally reminded us of his late father, and that is saying a great deal. The audience appeared to be of our opinion, and honored him with considerable applause. It has been repeated every evening to very excellent houses.

The ADELPHI closed on Saturday, 25th May; and the season at the ST. JAMES'S will terminate in the course of a few days. *The Devil's Bridge* has been revived at the latter house, the veteran Braham playing Count Belino, and Miss Rainforth Rosalvina. We are happy to be enabled to speak in favorable terms of both of them. Braham gave "'Tis but fancy's sketch" in a style that reminded us of days gone by. He was most rapturously applauded.

The Earl of Glengall will preside at the Drury-Lane Fund dinner, which takes place next Saturday, June 2, at the Freemason's Tavern; and Mr. Charles Kean will honor the festival with his presence.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood commenced an engagemenr at the Dublin Theatre on Monday evening in the opera of *The Sonnambula*. Their reception was of the most enthusiastic description.

Taglioni, the Sylphyde, will wing her flight to the metropolis next week. Mr. Bunn has written to accept her own terms.

The opera of the Devil's Bridge is to be revived at the St. James's theatre on Monday, the part of Count Belino by Mr. Braham, his first appearance in that character for many years.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.

BY JUNGLICUS.

The Shavington Day, as it was called, which made so much noise in the sporting world at the time, was advertised to come off a full month previous to its taking place, and the evening prior thereto, the villages, for many miles around, were crammed with visitors. Mytton was among the assembled host, many of whom found it difficult to get lodgings of any kind. He, however, accompanied by Mr. C. T. J——s and Captain O——n of the Woodhouse, having secured quarters some time previous, drove up to the White Lion, at Whitchurch, where he dined. They then went over to the kennels at Wrenbury, to see the rival packs, and afterwards adjourned to the Cock Inn, where several bottles were discussed. After seeing a main of cocks fought there, they returned to Whitchurch about one o'clock in the morning, when another bottle was cracked, and his companions went to bed. As he was going up stairs, he perceived one of the bedroom doors open, and the spirit of mischief being predominant, he entered, and found an acquaintance fast asleep. A wash hand basin full of water being very convenient, he took it up and slapped the contents into the sleeper's face. A gurgling, piercing cry was soon changed into vociferations of "Murder!" and that soon altered into querulous notes of altercation. "What are you about, Mr. Mytton, what the h—ll are you about!" exclaimed the half-drowned man. "I have come to drown you unless you'll come down and drink," said the tormentor, and nothing would do but go down he must. As the wet garments required changing, Mytton agreed to his going down to the fire; and no sooner was the gentleman's back turned, than his bed was rendered totally unfit for him to sleep in. This feat finished, Mytton went to the door of Sir Edward S——e's, room, and endeavored to get admittance, which was refused, for the occupant was *wide awake* to his pranks. Finding he could get no one to join him he laid down for the night.

Though up so late, Mytton was at the fixture in good time on the "Hit or Miss" mare, with his two companions, whom he had mounted on The Devil and Highflyer. The meet was at Lord Kilmorey's, at the close of the season, and nearly 2,000 horsemen were out on this day, for as it was a trial of speed, &c., between three packs,* viz., the Woore, the Cheshire, and the Shropshire, the crack riders of those counties were determined to test the bottom of their respective competitors for the brush. Six couples of picked hounds from each of the above packs were brought forward for the inspection of the field before they were united, under the direction of three huntsmen and five whips. Will Head being senior was appointed chief huntsman, and the two others (Wells and Staples) were at his elbow to assist. The whips, though so numerous, had no sinecure berth of it, for they had enough to do to keep the hounds from being rode over, as riders of all sorts, from the "pink" on a thorough-bred to the clown on a cocktail, were present. A more noble or brilliant sight never displayed itself in the hunting field as the hour for throwing off drew nigh, for in addition to above 700 prime red coats, the carriages and equipages that came to the ground were exceeding numerous. At 11 they drew Lord Kilmorey's big wood in the Park, and found immediately; had a beautiful little ring run of about thirty minutes down to near Cloverley, and lost. The hounds now proceeded to Lord Combermere's park, where, in the sedges at the side of the noble lake, they found their second fox, which they soon killed. Another was quickly found, and at the start Mytton seemed determined to make himself conspicuous. Notwithstanding the dense crowd he had to work through, he managed to bustle past every one. A tremendous stiff sunk fence, with rails at top, near to the Jack public-house, at Corra, now appeared, and numbers who knew the spot swerved to the left. Mytton, who had made up his mind to take all that offered, thundered his famous little mare along, driving at it at the rate of 20 miles an hour, exclaiming, as he went, "Here goes, out of the way! Now for the honor of Shropshire!" But unfortunately for the honor of Salop in this instance he did not succeed, for though his mare was as clever a thing as ever leaped a fence, this yawning ditch proved too much for her, for she failed to get over it, partly from being so crowded. Down she came, and pulled Mytton a summerset completely over head, and as ten or twelve horsemen close behind could not stop their horses, over they went, purling and rolling over each other in a dangerous style, and one or two were severely hurt. Up Mytton got, bleeding profusely, while his mare cleared herself from danger amazingly well, and was caught immediately in the same field. Mytton mounted her again as soon as he had recovered from the shock of his fall, and as his hat had been completely crushed by the different horses who had passed over it, he rode bareheaded for the remainder of the day. The field had now become a comparatively small one, and after an hour's good run, during which time they took a circuit round Combermere of about 12 miles, passing in their course the following places:—Burleydam, Newhall, Broomhall, Marbury, and Wirswall, they whipped off, for the fox proved to be a vixen heavy in cub. After the above severe fall, Mytton was too much shook, and appeared too groggy and too much abroad to attempt anything out of the common way of fencing.

Will Head (the Cheshire huntsman), gained the laurels of the day, though the brush was sharply contested by the other two huntsmen, and indeed it was so near a thing that for a few minutes it was not known who was the fortunate man. With regard to the merits of the hounds, the Cheshire and Staffordshire men admitted that no hounds could run better than Chaunter, Orator, and Ambrose, of the Shropshire pack; and though Will Staples lost the brush, he won two sovereigns from Head on a wager on whose hounds would draw first blood, as Ambrose was the first that ran into his fox; in fact, immense sums changed hands on this occasion, such great excitement having taken place, and still more numerous would the list of casualties have been had not the burst in each instance been quick, and a consequent *shaking off* taken place.

While relating his daring riding I may as well mention, that, having been to Shrewsbury Hunt ball, he returned completely half seas over, and unfortunately falling off his horse, was dragged in his stirrups some distance.

The next morning there was a meet at Atcham, and any other person than Mytton, who was ordered to keep his bed for a week by his medical adviser, would certainly not have thought of going to such a place; but *cujus contrariam verum est*, for Mytton, who was resolved to go, though bandaged and plaistered, and with his arm in a sling, mounted his horse and rode to cover. Atcham Bridge is one of the prettiest spots in the kingdom for to see the hounds "throw off," and as is usually the case after the night of the ball, it being in the Hunt week, the fixture was well attended. Mytton's severe accident was the theme of conversation, and various conjectures were afloat as to the termination of his accident, when Mytton himself appearing, put a stop to further surmises. Though considerable surprise was manifested upon his approach, no one would needlessly give advice which they well knew would only cause a contrary course to be taken. Sir Bellingham Graham, who hunted the pack, drew Attingham Park blank, and then proceeded for the Withies, under Atcham Bridge, a small ozier bed or island of not above 120 yards in length, by 30 or 40 in breadth, where as many as four foxes at one time have gone away on the hounds entering the same. On this occasion all the sportsmen save Mytton quitted the park by the lodge gates; he, however, to make a short cut for the Withies, took a direct line of his own across the park, and here met what to any other man on earth would have proved a poser—the formidable park rails of seven feet in height, with a descent on the further side down to the river. Disabled as he was, to the horror of several who witnessed the performance, he charged, and, almost marvellous to relate, cleared it in the most handsome manner possible. Sir Bellingham, who saw it, could not help exclaiming, "Well done! Neck or nothing. There's a man to breed from!"† And many who saw it could scarcely believe the evidence of their own eyes.

In my account formerly given of his gambling transactions, I omitted a circumstance which undoubtedly militates with what Nimrod has stated in his work, viz., that Mytton never wore pockets; facts of course speak for themselves. One evening, at a gaming table at Cheltenham, where Mytton had got *cleared out*, he wanted to borrow more of the bank, but being rather noisy and too far gone, he was persuaded to go home by Lord C—— and Mr. H——tt. Shortly after he returned, and staked a £5 note, with which he subsequently won a considerable sum; and upon Lord C—— asking him where he got the note, he pulled out his coat pocket, and said it was hid there, and, accidentally putting his hand therein, he felt and drew it out just as he was about to leave the house.

The last time this astonishing man visited Halston, he came from London to Ellesmere with a Captain ——, took a post chaise and pair from thence at a late hour, and proceeded to the Hall. Having rung the bell several times to no purpose, he went to the out-door dinner bell, which he pulled, but no person then living there, his endeavors to get in were ineffectual. "I came to take a farewell look at the mansion," said he, "but there are none to receive me now. However, there must still be some at Whittington who will recognize me." On his arrival there, many of those with whom, in the latter part of his career he had associated, flocked around him and set the bells ringing for his return. The Boot Inn, kept by Jervis and his wife, (who had been for eleven years housekeeper to the squire), was again destined to receive the former proprietor of estates which had now passed away to other hands; still unchanged, he thought not of what the morrow might bring forth, but called for brandy, on which he quickly was floored. As soon as he found it convenient to start the next day, he proceeded to Oswestry, where he was arrested by two myrmidons of the law, yclept John Roe and Richard Doe, who had been in waiting for him some time.

His subsequent conveyance to the King's Bench Prison, and death there, are well known; and no circumstance for a length of time caused such a sensation in Salop as his funeral. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* says, "On passing through the town, many of the shops were closed, and crowds assembled to take a last look on his bier, and pay the homage of a sigh to the memory of John Mytton.

The funeral was expected to take place about 2 P.M., but in consequence of various delays on the road it was near 4 o'clock before it arrived. The Shropshire Yeomanry met the procession at the Queen's Head, Mr. Mytton's uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, officiating. The band of the cavalry, with muffled drums and covered with crape, played the Dead March to Halston Chapel, and the hearse was accompanied by immense numbers, the procession of cavalry, mourning coaches, and gentlemen's carriages reaching nearly a mile and a half, while the spectators were estimated at 6,000. This number had been gradually increasing from daylight, and was quite a harvest to the public-houses on the route, the Queen's Head in particular having sold 43½ barrels of ale (their whole stock) since 5 o'clock in the morning, as well as being completely drained in the spirit and larder line. On reaching the Chapel, a great rush was made to enter it, when the body was taken out of the hearse, and the interest manifested on the occasion was such, though two hours were allowed the public to see the coffin and vault, numbers still were making application to have a last look at tkeir favorite mausoleum. When that time had elapsed, force was obliged to be resorted to ere the intruders could be ejected, which was a work of much difficulty; and so determined did they appear to witness the inhuming of the body, that the doors were closed and bricks and mortar given through the window to the workmen employed. The yew trees around were studded with people; several boughs broke down, and some accidents occurred; nor was it until 8 o'clock that the last stragglers were cleared from the grounds.

Thus Mytton passed from the land of the living; and he who was one of the first of the sporting world is now nearly forgotten. His domains, as far as he could alienate them, passed entirely away from his family, and that family curtailed of the ample inheritance which should have descended to it;—which proves the absurdity of placing any great dependence on the fickle jade Fortune, and is an apposite illustration of the old *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

* *The Woore* belonged to C. Wickstead, Esq. at Betley, five miles from Newcastle-under-Lyne. *The Cheshire* to Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bart. kept at Sandiway head, and at Wrenbury; and *the Shropshire* under the alternate management of Sir Edward Joseph Smythe, Bart; E. W. Smythe Owen, Esq; and William Lloyd, Esq of Aston Hall.

† In the Worcester Journal, in January last, the following paragraph appeared, which I append by way of showing what may be borne by a good constitution. "JOHN MYTTON, REDIVIVUS!—One day last week, young Mytton, a youth about twelve years of age, the eldest son of the late lamented Squire of Halston, was out in a very hard day with the foxhounds, and at the dusk of evening, found himself in a turnip field, with his pony so dead beat that he could proceed no further. The youth had too much of the inherent spirit of his father to leave his favorite, and therefore took out his handkerchief, tied it to the bridle of his pony and then to his wrist, laid down by the side of his wearied hunter, and went to sleep for the greater part of the night. On the first blush of morning, he got up, and finding his pony refreshed proceeded home, when his appearance dissipated the alarm which had been created by his unaccountable absence. He went to bed for a short period and in two hours from his arrival at the hall of his ancestors, was out ferreting rabbits, quite hearty and well. On being asked if he had not heard any one during the night, he said he had, and within a short distance too; and on being further asked why he did not call out and make his situation known, he replied he was afraid to do that, as he thought he should be well thrashed for being in the turnip field at that time of night." Such is the breed of John Mytton, but it is greatly to be hoped, the father's errors will not be hid from the son, so that he may avoid them, for a skilful surgeon at times is required to appear cruel, in order that a cure may be effected.

THE RING TAIL PANTHER.

The legislature of Missouri, like many other parliamentary bodies, was once annoyed with a member of singular habits and eccentric character. He was a rude woodsman, and having his nativity cast on the frontiers he moved forward, keeping pace always with the pioneers; and it was no grief to him to be a few leagues in advance of the schoolmaster. The alphabet once overtook him, but no sooner were the Roman characters imprinted on his memory than he fled from pedagogue restraints, esteeming himself happy in thus briefly becoming a man of letters. This limited education was useful to him in after life, when he became a representative of the people, for he acquired the art of putting as many letters together as would pass, in a crowd, for his name. Like most great men of the Roman Republic, he acquired a prænomen, and he chose one indicative of his location and pursuits. *Ring Tail Panther* was the name to which he answered with equal pride and pleasure. This illustrious pioneer has already had a place assigned him in the annals of the west; but too much is rarely written of any man whose genius elevates him above the common mass of beings by whom he is surrounded.

At what particular period Ring Tail Panther migrated to Missouri, it is not known. His earliest achievement, and that which placed him in the line of preferment, was the butchery of a small party of unoffending Indians. His official report of the battle was as laconic as Cæsar's "*veni, vidi, vici*," and in these words: "I kotch'd, I killed, I scalped." His habitation, where domestic kindness and hospitality were cherished, was a block-house, rudely constructed by his own handicraft. Like his namesake, the quadruped Panther, he was carnivorous, and fed generally on venison. His drink was *blue ruin* and *still-burnt* green. To the influence of these stimulants and the lack of educat on all the evils of a misspent life are justly attributable, for he was naturally kind and benevolent.

When Missouri passed from a Territorial to a state government, the people among whom Ring Tail Panther resided, made him a representative in the General Assembly, to assist in enacting for them a code of laws. Tradition will not be sufficiently clear in its details, half a century hence to determine from what written models he deduced his legislative knowledge; but some crude notions of the twelve tables led him to believe it just, that "an eye for an eye" should be exacted, and he lived up to the maxim, literally, in his practice, for he boasted having divested three several combatants of an organ of vision, and he likewise bit off one finger, two ears, and a roman nose, in the course of his single combats.

As it may be readily supposed, certain passages in his labors as legislator were not as easy surmounted as spoken of. Ring Tail Panther was, however, discreet enough to attach himself to a member of good acquirements, who cheerfully wrote his bills and resolutions whenever he came forward as a pioneer in law-making. At an early stage of the session of the General Assembly this member arose, and when the speaker had remarked,

"The gentleman from Fishing River," Ring Tail Panther proceeded to say—

"Mr. Speaker, there ar a heap of difference among men; some are born rich, some get rich by cheating, and some are jist naturally poor all the days of their lives. This is as unjust, sir, as bleating up a doe to make an orfin of her poor little fawns in the spots.—A right ra-al rich man would feel a heap easier with less money. But, such is the cantankerous character of one of these ding'd old aristocracies, that the more he piles up, the more he hones arter money. Mr. Speaker, a rich man is like a panther, and I know something about the varmint. When he gets in the hog range whar the sweet mast ar good, he will kill half a dozen shotes in a night, when one pig would do him for supper and breakfast. They are oncommon greedy, if they ar'nt I wish I may be shot with a big bore rifle gun. They are as destructive on poor people as a gang of wood-colts what breaks into a corn field in roasting-ear time. They crack all before them like a horse loose in a cane break. A poor man stands no more chance in a scuffle with a right ra-al rich man, than a short tailed horse in fly time, or an inexperienced dog in a bar hunt. Now Mr. Speaker, thar ar a heap more poor men than rich ones, and in this we have smartly the majority. Do you think, sir, a gang of wolves, when they corner an old buck, won't pull him down! they will do that thing I reckon! When a right sort of a hunter trees a fat old bear, he will do his house work, no mistake! we have the rich men cornered now, in a sorta quandary like—and I move, Mr. Speaker, that we row them up Salt River. I am for taking the divide and keepin it. It ar a fact, and I know it, that we can't jist take money from one man, and give it to another, that would be onpopulous and onlawful; but we can take 'em slantend cular, and the way we can exonerate 'em would be pretty expeditious. I move, Mr. Speaker, that we enact a loan office law, authorize the State to issue paper, and the way the boys will borry it will be slick and greasy! They will never pay it back no how you can fix it. When the State wants money agin, lay on the taxes about as thick as daubing a new cabin afore christmas, and the rich are the yaller flowers of these prairies that will fork it up."

The orator sat down, happy in having uttered his maiden speech. He was, however, informed by the speaker, that he must reduce his resolution to writing. Ring Tail Panther rose again, looked wildly around the house, and enquired—

"Where in the name of forked lightning Duff Green tuck himself to?"

He was told he had gone to his lodgings, a little indisposed.

"There, now, is h—ll again!" said he. "Mr. Speaker, Duff are sloped and we must expone the question till to-morrow; and if Duff don't stand up to the rack a little better I'll lick him, there's no mistake. If he slopes off in this way again when I want him, his hide won't hold shucks in two minutes arter, and I won't vote with him to copperate his Macademy."

The Speaker of the House was a professional gentleman of wit and learning, and he was likewise an efficient business man; he presided with dignity, but the rich vein of humor in which he sometimes indulged, rendered him an object of jealousy, for he would rarely spare his best friends in committee of the whole. The uneducated members regarded him with peculiar suspicion, and they dreaded his satire. In a speech which he made against the gentleman from Fishing River, he played upon his assumed name in a facetious, but good humored vein. Ring Tail Panther rose, called Mr. Speaker to order, and threatened to "jump on his neck and claw him up pretty considerable." The Speaker proceeded, and remarked—

"Mr. Chairman, I entertain a suitable regard for the cat family, and I am not insensible to the moral force of brute strength. When I shall have finished the few observations I have yet to make, the gentleman shall have the floor, or *tree*, which ever he may fancy most, when he may claw up his pen and reduce his amendments to writing."

Here the speaker was interrupted. Ring Tail Panther rose in great wrath, and lifting an inkstand which was near him, exclaimed, "if I can't write, Mr. Speaker, the way I will make my mark on you, won't rub out easy!" The members near him interposed and prevented the violence which the enraged panther meditated.

There was, at some stage of this session, a proposition before the house to enter into a state system of internal improvement. The panther opposed it as he did uniformly every thing which came from an educated member, excepting always the measures proposed by his friend from Boonslick. When the question came up for discussion, the gentleman from Fishing River delivered his sentiments to the following effect:—

"Mr. Speaker, I am agin all sorts of new-fangled machines, every way you can fix it. These ere snorting things they call steam boats are talked about a heap, and my 'oman sprained her ancle running to see the first creater of the sort that came sneaking up our river. The fish never done bit a hook arter that, and the game is all skeared out of the river bottom. Gentlemen talk about a *ra'al* rode and *eternal* improvements.

"Some gentlemen, high larned chaps from the city, think they are a heap smarter nor a steel-trap; but I can tell 'em I wern't rocked in a gum to be skeard by schoolmaster larning. When do you think, Mr. Speaker, they'll see a little steam fixin running on a ra'al through the Loutre, or Twenty Mile prairie!—never in all your life, I reckon! Mr. Speaker, I move the eternal exponement of this ere question, and I'll hire a schoolmaster to put it down in the biggest kind of pot-hooks."

It is needless to add, that from that day forward, the highminded doctrine of Ring Tail Panther, in reference to internal improvement, has prevailed in the legislature of Missouri."

SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

ANTELOPE SHOOTING.

It was ten o'clock on a fine moonlight night in the month of March that as convivial a party as ever carried cup to lip, or foot to stirrup, set out from the extensive cantonment of S——, in the Deccan, on the shooting expedition of which I am about to give an account.

"A strange hour for a start!" will, no doubt, exclaim the gentle or gouty fireside reader; but know, most sapient Sir, that India is not England, and that it is there a common circumstance thus to cheat bright Phœbus in his own domains, by stealing a march on him in the dark. Besides, we had a good dinner, perhaps a little claret or Hodgson's own pale, qualified maybe by some of Gordon's best Madeira: but these points I cannot distinctly certify. All that I *can* venture to state on the subject is, that after settling all with a good glass of brandy-and-water to keep out the night air, we deemed ourselves sufficiently strong, both in body and *spirit*, to set at defiance any *sheitan** that might attempt to oppose our nocturnal progress.

The remainder of the party was composed of a couple of *good fellows*—a term better understood in India than anywhere else, where a man is weighed, not by his rank and the length of his purse, but by the sterling good qualities which render him estimable. Such were our two non sporting friends, men who would perhaps rather draw a cork than a trigger, or sing a jovial song than sing out "tally-ho!" These were certainly enormities which in a sporting circle might have gone hard against them; but with their many redeeming qualities, they stemmed the current of popular opinion, and were always at the camp of the "Sporting Club." Alas! they are no more, one having fallen a victim to climate, the other to matrimony! Peace be with their ashes!

Our steeds and *ghorawallahs*,† who had long been waiting and wondering at our protracted delay, were at length relieved by our appearance, as I before said, at about 10 P. M.; we therefore mounted in high spirits, and proceeded to our destination, which, as the crow flies, did not exceed eight or nine miles.

We succeeded by the help of the moon in traversing without accident the arid and broken country extending between S—— and the river Moussa, at this *time* of the year an insignificant stream, but even at this season difficult to cross, owing to its precipitous banks and rocky bed. After much trouble we discovered the ford, and half an hour more brought us to the cavern-like abode we had chosen in the Ruins. All was dark as Erebus; the servants whom we had sent on had despaired of seeing us that night, and had fallen asleep. They were, however, soon roused up, a light struck, and we were gladdened by the sight of a table ready spread, our camp couches in apple-pie order, our spare nags comfortably picketed at a short distance in the vaults, and the scene further *enlivened* by a score of niggers in the shape of *coolies* and *grass-cutters* snoring around, wrapped in their dark-colored blankets. We shortly followed their example, and after giving strict injunctions to be called before day-break, were soon dreaming of to-morrow's sport.

The dawn found us equipped for the chase; but before we had completed all our arrangements the sun had risen; and scrambling to the top of the old buildings, I eagerly looked out for the enemy, as at this hour it was not the first time I had knocked over a fine buck within a few hundred yards of the Ruins; but far as the eye could reach nothing living appeared, and it rested on nought save the brown and already parched ground, broken here and there by dry water-courses and ravines, dotted with abrupt rocks, and bounded in the distance by a chain of steep hills. The only thing to relieve the aching sight was the verdure of an occasional custard-apple bush, whose bright green shewed like an oasis in the desert. At length we were on our steeds, and each taking a separate path, put our faith in the good St. Hubert and a steady hand.

I made for the hills, intending to pursue my old system of destruction, of which there are several approved methods. The first is to be enveloped in a cumlay, a coarse brown blanket used by the poorer natives, and thus, under false colors, to represent a native, whom being more used to behold, they suffer to come nearer than a European. Another plan was to approach under a leafy screen, which like "Birnam's Wood," was carried before you, often successfully. I have also heard of stalking up behind a bullock, but never saw it practised. But my favorite mode of getting within shot, and the one in which I found most sport, was on my well-trained pony Kangaroo, a true little Mahratta, small, but strong as a lion, a good one to go, and steady as a rock under fire. My trusty horsekeeper beside me with the "double-barrel," and armed myself with a spur on the left heel, and a bamboo spear in the right hand, I jogged along quietly until within view of a buck. If no covert were at hand, I rode on without taking any notice of him, but carefully reconnoitering the "terrain" as I made an extensive circle round him, and as soon as covered by a third object, such as a rock, or a clump of date trees, or an inequality in the ground, within from 80 to 120 yards of the quarry, I used to make for it at a gallop, jump off, and give him right and left as he was bounding off, in which case he was either "kilt dead," missed altogether, or wounded. The first case seldom happened, as nothing but a bullet through the head or heart will act as an immediate quietus to an antelope; No 2 was very common; and in the event of the occurrence of No. 3, you had every prospect of a good run—that is to say, if your horse were on the spot.

I will take this opportunity of giving a hint to young hands at antelope shooting. I shall never forget the delight I felt on flooring my first buck, nor my subsequent disappointment, nay, almost despair, at his final escape. I had been toiling unsuccessfully in this my first attempt during the greater part of a grilling hot day, and felt sick with "hope deferred" and the excessive heat of the sun on my griffin frame. At last I got a shot at a fine animal, who, after bounding off for a few yards, fell, and was apparently at his last gasp. I ran up almost breathless with delight at my unexpected success, stood for a second to admire my beautiful prize, and was in the act of grasping him by the horns, when, to my utter horror and dismay, with one bound he gained his feet and went off like a shot: unfortunately, I had not another to send after him, as I had been using a rifle, which in the excitement of the moment I never dreamt of reloading. This is one reason for my preference of the double barrel even for ball-firing.

On the morning on which the reaeer has accompanied us to Surroo-Nuggur, I was particularly unfortunate in not getting shots; at last, when just about to return to the Ruins and to breakfast, I espied a fine black buck quietly grazing at a few hundred yards distance. There was good covert within range, and I easily got a shot at him as he was bounding off. I missed him with my first barrel, but from the swerve he gave after my second attempt, together with a peculiar bound (which I know not what to compare to, unless to the noise made by suddenly expanding the lips after keeping them compressed), I was aware he was hit, most probably between the hip and the ribs, and accordingly prepared for a tough job, nor was I disappointed.

Chennoo was at hand with the spear, and the next moment Kangaroo was doing his best. My friend was making direct for the hills, and I well knew that unless I could change his course my chance of a nearer acquaintance with him was slight. I determined, therefore, to try his paces, and gave the pony his head and then a taste of the spur. *Kangaroo* was as good a tit for his inches as ever pounded *gram*, (a species of pea on which horses are fed in India,) was in capital gallopping trim, and had the bottom of the devil; still the *interloper* was too much for him, had given up his pranks and capers, and had settled into a steady long gallop; this in itself proved him to have been hit hard, and made it more provoking that he was rapidly nearing the hills, and at the same time increasing the distance between us. At this critical moment some natives emerged from a clump of date-bushes immediately before the terrified animal, and caused him to veer off and change his course from South to due West. This was a lucky hit for me: I also went on another tack, and not being equal to him in speed, was determined to try his bottom. The full view I had of him at the turn gave me such an itching to possess his fine spiral horns (mind you, I am not *married*,) that I determined to make it a "*guerre à outrance*."

Keeping, therefore, the strong pull on the snaffle, I regulated my pace so as to keep him in view. He still carried it on bravely, when, coming to the brow of a

* Devil, or evil spirit, supposed by the natives to inhabit dreary and desert places.

† The large hyena.

ravine, he disappeared from my sight. Now or never, thought I; he will never venture to breast the opposite bank; and I again applied the persuader, in order to be with him in the hollow. I was, however, much out in my calculations; for as I reached the brink of the *nullah*, (dry water-course, formed during the rains,) which was both deep and broad, he was gallantly crowning the opposite brow, down the dip of which he vanished, and left me in a pleasant predicament, on a blown horse, with a deep chasm between us. But it was a time to act, and not to think: so getting to the bottom of the nullah as I best might, I crammed my steed up the opposite sides; but, alas! poor little Kangaroo's sobs too plainly told me that *he* was nearly done, and on reaching the crest he could not raise a canter. Here I pulled up to look after the chase, which I expected to see a quarter of a mile a-head. A vast plain extended before me, bounded by Aurungzebe's Mosque, with its lofty minarets shining in the now blazing sun. At a great distance I saw a flock of antelope grazing, but *mine* was evidently not of the party. A gleam of hope shot through my breast, which was raised into certainty, when, on looking along the banks of the ravine to the left, I perceived at about fifty yards a thick clump of custard-apple bushes. I knew enough of the fleet-footed race to be perfectly sure he was ensconced under their friendly boughs.

My game was now quite the reverse from what it had been at starting: every moment's delay which went to the repair of my nag's bellows, told in an equal ratio against the buck, who, if not actually losing blood, must be getting stiffer and weaker from the effects of his wound.

Still I did not venture to put foot to the ground, but, keeping a sharp look out on the clump, waited till both man and horse had recovered their wind, which they both stood nearly equally in want of. Then, and not till then, did I approach the covert: it was as I had anticipated: my old acquaintance did not wait for me in his hiding place, but, determining to die game, made for the open.

The five minutes' check had had all the effect I anticipated: he no longer looked the same animal; even the glossy hue of his back appeared dimmed; a narrow streak of crimson appeared distinctly on the white of his flank, his tongue hung out, and he went off with sobs, and at a most crippled pace.

"For, jaded now and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The lab'ring *buck* strain'd full in view."

Even in this lamentable state he gave me more trouble than I could have thought possible. I was now within so short a distance of him, that I saw there was not the slightest probability of his escape, and was anxious to make short work of it, as I was dying with thirst and heat. At any other time his plaintive sobs and cries might have moved me to pity; but my blood was up, and heated in every sense of the word. I lifted the pony with bit and spur, and we certainly gained on him, but slowly: this could not last for ever: the buck's last hour had arrived. We were all three *done*, but he was so past recovery, a few strides more brought Kangaroo alongside of him; as we gave him the "go by," the spear aimed at his shoulder-blade went through him like butter, and the next moment my knife was across his throat.

In this moment of success mine was not the most enviable situation in the world. The Mosque served me as a landscape, by which I calculated I was five or six miles from the Ruins, with a jaded steed to carry home both the deer and myself—to say nothing of an empty stomach, a broiling sun over head, and sundry hot puffs which shewed the setting in of the sand-winds. The idea of abandoning my prize never once entered my head; my only hopes rested on *Chennoo*, who I knew would endeavor to track me: nor was I mistaken; I saw his form emerge gradually from behind a swell at about the distance of a mile. I raised my hat on the end of the spear; he saw the signal, and hastened towards the spot, and on arriving must have thought us rather an interesting group—the antelope now stark and stiffening in his gore, the pony still *wagging* his tail from the effects of the run, whilst I was crouching down under him to avoid as much as possible the scorching rays of the sun.

After leaving directions with Chennoo to get a couple of natives to bring home the deer, I mounted and made the best of my way back to Surroo-Nuggur, when I found all the party assembled, and very comfortably established on their cots after a good breakfast. The amount of killed and wounded on that morning, exclusive of my share, amounted to four bucks and a fawn, three of the former brought in by C——, the remainder by L——. The non-combatants had been engaged all the morning in baiting a mongoose with a terrier, and in superintending the arrangements for breakfast.

C—— started out again during the day to try for hares and red-legged partridge. I had had enough for pleasure, and contented myself with strolling about in the cool shade of the vaults, and watching the exertions of the coolies, horsekeepers, &c., in dissecting the slain, of which they always come in for a share. During these proceedings I saw a ball extracted from an antelope in a remarkable manner: it had struck the animal in the shoulder, had taken a diagonal direction, and was lodged in the opposite side between the skin and ribs; the operator said he would take it out of the same aperture it had made. I must confess I was rather puzzled to know how this was to be done; he, however, accomplished it immediately, by guiding it with his finger and thumb between the skin and flesh until he brought it over the back, down the shoulder, and out of the original bore.

As fawn-curry, hare-stew, and antelope-broth were the order of the day for tiffin, there were no absentees on that important occasion. The performances of the day were talked over till a late hour; and in hopes of as good sport the following morning all retired to rest—as did likewise. E. N.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN OF TON.

A few years ago there lived in London (and now lives hard by the Prado, at Madrid), a personage whose peculiar mode of existence would puzzle the scrutiny of Dr. Bowring himself. Our intimacy with one whose rank and diplomatic position gave him considerable influence over the person in question, enables us partially to tranquillize conjecture. He began his career as Captain F——, was some three or four years in India, without materially distinguishing himself; and was as little known, even at the mess-table, as to origin and circumstances on the last day as on his landing at Madras. F—— was ambitious, and, moreover, had all the talent to invest his aspirings with solidity—provided only the opportunity for a *first step* were given him. Now, on arriving in London, finding himself somewhat less than nothing, and perceiving no chance whatever of a *premier pas*, one of less nerve and self-confidence might have deemed it advisable to walk into the Thames direct, and waive all claim to epitaph; but Captain F——, like a wise general, reflected that the rose of success was, in nine instances out of ten, plucked out of the thorns of difficulty; besides, chance was a main element in his calculation, and chance befriended him in the shape of £10,000 left him by an uncle (of whom he had scarcely ever heard), exactly eight days after his arrival. Ten thousand pounds, with a *cottage ornée*, is a vision of bliss to most minds; but was very far from being so to Captain F——. *He* sat down to an elaborate series of questions and answers, and deduced algebraically, that he must begin by ruining himself in order to become rich. He chose a *locale* in the district deemed fashionable *de rigeur*; his equipages soon became a theme of gossip and admiration; and it was announced in the Morning Post that "it was understood the new occupant of —— house had become the fortunate inheritor of £10,000 per annum." This rumor, skilfully set afloat, introduced him to those who could introduce everywhere, and soon filled his *salons* with rank and fashion. The lavish decoration of his rooms, the splendor of his furniture, his magnificent hospitality, and the polished charms of his manner, were universally descanted on. He had made a hit—he had made many powerful allies; and ere six months had elapsed was made a Baronet, at exactly a discount of £5000 on his original *ten*. During the ensuing season Sir John F—— became the rage; was a diner-out; was *feted* by people of the first rank; and abundantly retrieved the obligation. But a critical period was at hand, the last £500 was melting away under the system which he pursued. Was the bubble then to burst? By no means: he had established a credit equivalent to £200,000. This had been his grand aim from the beginning: "I gave myself," he observed to the nobleman from whom we derive these particulars, "twenty years and an expenditure of ten thousand a year. I succeeded in my plan, and moreover, paid everybody!"

Among those qualities which are indispensable to the social diplomatist, Sir John F—— was distinguished for his punctuality; and this gave him an almost unlimited command of the purses of others. His power, therefore, to serve the needy among his acquaintance, at exorbitant rates of interest, may be easily accounted for. He was a great gambler, but skilful and of icy coolness, and therefore almost invariably successful. His tact in collecting pictures was exceeded only by his cleverness in disposing of them at a multiplied value; and his stud, which he was continually changing, might be said to be treading upon gold dust. But he had other means of revenue, still more ample; for, as he took no *decided* part, either political or social he was the confidant of the great of either sex, and their *agent*, because the least open to the suspicion of being such. How similar services are rewarded need not be told; between hard gold and official appointments, Sir John invariably chose the former. Nor was the fame he daily acquired unknown or unappreciated by the English Metternich of his day; the latter was his warm and faithful friend, and *to him alone* wholly unreserved, for he was safe with one who opposed himself to any ostensible position. Of course Sir John enjoyed *carte-blanche* in this instance—but beyond an occasional £5000, and the banishment of some over-prying and jealous slanderer to a convenient distance (officially) within or without the tropics, he asked nothing. As we have observed, Sir John gave himself twenty years wherein to run his dazzling career, the reputed Magnifico—yet the possessor of nothing! He accomplished it, and, well-nigh worn out with overtasked mental energies, deemed it prudent and graceful to retire. Besides, the world had become inquisitive: "Did he possess the *golden tree?* Where was his *land?* Had he the secret of Ali Baba! Was he another St. Leon?" were questions, through secondary sources, frequently came to his ear. A word to his friend the Minister opened the gates of retreat. "Your wish!" "A pension of £3000 a year *for life*." "But you may marry?" "Never: for that involves an *ostensible position*." "And you will reside——?" "*Not* in England." "Excellent: it shall be dated from to-morrow."

The Minister soon arranged the matter with his colleagues. "What has this man *done?*" asked one. "Nothing," replied the proposer. "Then wherefore is this pension awarded, if not for *State Services?*" observed another. "I must *decide you all*," said the Premier pointedly: "it is awarded for something much more important—it is given for State *Secrets!*"

* * * * * *

The "Mysterious Man of Ton" may be seen every evening on the Prado, at Madrid; his small but somewhat stout person very carefully arrayed, and his handsome features beaming with suavity, though his eye has no longer its wonted fire. He is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary men of the age, for, like Napoleon, he has been a splendid mystery for twenty years!

London Court Journal, May 19.

Salmagundi.

An elderly gentleman attempted the absurdity of suicide the other day in Kensington Gardens but the consummation of the rash act was prevented by a guardian angel in the shape of a "raw lobster," who happened to be on duty at the spot. The gentleman was quite old enough to know better, having, according to the penny-a-liner, attained the age of 94. He alleged that he had nothing particular to complain of, but "he was tired of life." We must allow that, at his age, this was not improbable, and consequently there was some palliation of the crime. Boys of twenty, however, often make the same excuse, which seems sheer impertinence; so serious a thing as suicide, like matrimony, is not to be thought of until people arrive at a mature age.

The wags of the stage say, speaking of Talfourd's new tragedy, that there is no *character* in it.

The Duke of Rutland says, speaking of Lady Southampton, that she is handsome without being pretty, pretty without being witty, and graceful without being elegant.

Glenelg, we hear, dropped fast asleep at his last visit to Miss Moore, being overtaken, as he alleges, with a sudden fit of drowsiness in the midst of his amatory attentions to the lady. His lordship "napped" it severely for this marked breach of etiquette.

Chesterfield having mentioned to Beaufort that he had lately lost a tooth, the Duke asked if it was a *sweet* one. "What makes you think that?" inquired Ches "It was the conclusion I arrived at," quoth Beaufort, "from witnessing your growing aversion to *Honey*."

"I wonder," said a friend to Lord Rolle, "that you should permit your lady to put herself, upon all occasions, in such a tremendous *bustle*" "Ha! my friend," exclaimed the old lord, "I permit her to do what she pleases, for she is to me a very good wife at bottom." His lordship laughed heartily at his own joke.

Family reasons are assigned for Duvernay's non-appearance at the Italian Opera this season. Her nightly performances, though desired in the Haymarket, will be, for the present, *confined* to her cottage in the neighborhood of Fulham. Satirist.

"Your lord is looking exceedingly well," said a friend to Lady Rolle. "Yes," replied her ladyship. "I never," continued the friend, "saw him look better." "Indeed," responded her ladyship. "He has positively grown younger since last I saw him," quoth the friend. "No such thing," pettishly rejoined her ladyship. "And is likely to live these twenty years," repeated the friend. "O, the horrid creature!" exclaimed Lady Rolle, as she flung herself out of the room in an agony of despair.

One of the railroad engineers has advised two adjoining tunnels to be cut, the one smaller than the other; the one for carriages adapted for passengers, and the other for carriages suited to goods. We should like to learn the name of this ingenious gentleman, as he decidedly deserves immortality in our columns.

This wise engineer finds his tunnel so big,
'Twill do for a waggon, but not for a gig;
So wisely determines to cut by its side
One smaller through which a neat carriage may glide;
Like the man, who contriving a hole in his wall
To admit his two cats, the one large, t'other small,
When the great hole was cut for the first to go through,
He a little one had for his little cat too.

A Jonathanism.—A cat belonging to a widow sat lately upon half a dozen duck eggs, and continued her attention until they were hatched; and there is now to be seen a fine brood of six young ones, half duck and half cat, having duck's heads and cats' tails; and what is still more wonderful, they mew and quack alternately.

"An Orange Venture."—Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady at dessert, if he would not venture on an orange. "Madam, I should be happy to do so, but I'm afraid I should tumble off."

The "West of England Conservative" has a column ostensibly set apart for gleanings, with the following heading:—"A Snapper of unconsidered *Trifles*," and under this cognomen the very first paragraph which meets the reader's eye in last Wednesday's publication commences thus—"Fire and melancholy loss of life." Trifles indeed!

Alexander's Friendship for Napoleon.—In one of my last interviews with the Emperor of Russia, he said to me, "Tell the Emperor Napoleon that I will not separate from him unless he force me to do so. My friendship for him is so sincere that I cannot withdraw it." This was absolutely true. Alexander cherished for Napoleon a passionate friendship—an enthusiastic admiration.

Recollections of Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza.

A Grenadier at Eylau.—At a few paces from us we espied an old grenadier. His face was blackened by gunpowder, and the blood was streaming down his clothes. His left arm had been carried away by a bomb-shell The man was hurrying to fall into the ranks. "Stay, stay, my good fellow," said the Emperor, "go and get your wound dressed—go to the *ambulance*." "I will," replied the grenadier, "when we have taken the church," and we immediately lost sight of him. I perceived the tears glistening in the Emperor's eyes, and he turned aside to conceal them. Ib.

The following "Rules" are posted in a New Jersey school-house:—"No kissing in school time. No licking the master during holidays."

A Climber.—There is a youth living down East who is said to be so tall that he is obliged to ascend a ladder to scratch his head.

Anecdote.—In the course of the late session of the Legislature, application was made for an act of incorporation for a Theological Seminary, to bear the name of St. Charles Barromeo, a divine who distinguished himself in Italy by the beneficial exercise of great talents. While the bill was before the Legislature, the *name* seemed to be a stumbling-block to many of the worthy members As Dr. B., of the Senate, had shown himself a friend of the bill, a member who had some scruples, applied to that active legislator for information. "Who is this *Bar-romeo*, for whom this seminary is to be named?" asked he of the Senator. Now Dr. B. was well read in civil and political history, and could have perhaps answered almost any question relating to the personages mentioned therein, from Pharaoh Ramasses down to Governor Ritner; but it had never come within the line of his profession to read "Butler's Lives of the Saints," he therefore was puzzled for a moment, but perceiving that hesitation might lose a vote, he said, "Why—you know very well—*Bar*, you recollect, means *son*—you read it in the Bible somewhere."—"Oh, yes," said the querist, "it is so—we have Bar Jonas, for the son of Jonas."—"Well," said the Doctor, "this *Bar*-romeo was an illegitimate son of Romeo and Juliet, whom you read about in Shakspeare—they were not quite so clever as many people think for."—"Oh, that is it, is it?" exclaimed the querist with an air of profound satisfaction. "There is no harm, then, in voting for the bill." He did vote for it, and the bill was carried. U. S Gazette.

About twenty years ago there was a "Doctor" who attained much celebrity about Harrodsburgh, in this State. He practiced with great success in cases of *fits*. Being sent for one day by a stranger who had been taken sick in the neighborhood, the Doctor was surprised on entering the room to see the patient so composed. He frankly acknowledged that he did not understand his complaint, and that it was not a *fit* case for his peculiar practice. "But," said the Doctor, "I can prepare you a dose, which, by changing the disease, will put you completely in the power of my favorite prescription. "What good will it do?" inquired the patient. "Why," replied the Doctor, "it will throw you into fits, and I let you know I'm h—ll on fits!" Covington Free Press.

Anecdote.—"Friend Franklin," said Elijah Tate, a celebrated Quaker Lawyer, of Philadelphia, one day, "thee knows almost every thing; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? my neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the Doctor; let them get but a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they never will trouble thy small beer any more."

Latest Absence of Mind Cases.—We have been told that a lady dropped herself into the post office instead of the letter, and did not discover the mistake until the clerk asked her whether she was *single* or not.

It is said that an absent minded husband recently put the stepping-stone into the carriage, and stepping upon his wife, took his seat, and ordered coachee to drive on! Boston Herald.

An officer of a disbanded regiment applying to the pay-master of the forces for his arrears. The treasurer seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him that his countenance belied his complaint. "For heaven's sake, my lord," said the officer, "do not mistake—the visage that you see is not mine, but my landlady's, she has fed me upon credit above these twelve months."

Franklin's Printing Press.—We learn from the London papers, that in a lecture recently delivered before the London Mechanics' Institute, by B. B. Thatcher, of Boston, the lecturer stated that his researches after traces of Franklin's doings in London have brought to light an interesting relic. It will be remembered that Franklin, when he came to London to pursue the printing business, worked first with a person named Palmer, and afterwards went to Watts's "near Lincoln's Inn-fields." The relic referred to is the identical press which Franklin worked at when with Mr. Watts. The tradition is still preserved among the trade, that when Franklin was in London in 1768, as the agent of Massachusettes, he visited his old master, who still continued his business at the same place, sought out the press, which was still doing duty, called the workmen together, and gave them, over a noggin of porter, an account of the article, and a few words of comment in "Poor Richard's" usual manner, which made a great impression. The press is no longer used; but though clumsy and rough, it does not differ so much from common presses as might be supposed—it being now one hundred and ten years since the philosopher "pulled" at it himself. Boston Transcript.

Absence of Mind.—A tall man having held a conversation with another person of inferior dimensions, made a low bow to his cane which stood in one corner, and seizing his friend by the scalp walked off with him.

Choice Taste.—A flippant starchy coquette, on a Steamboat, was asked if she would be helped to a bit of the fowl. The young tart, wishing to be extremely polite and fantastical on the occasion, with much dignity of air replied: "Thank you prodigiously, sir; I'd purfur a nice little immoderate gob of those ramifyed bababy sassengers." Helena (Ark.) Spy.

Shakspeare Modernized.—Two loafers were spouting the other day, in front of "the Bank," when one drew a wallet from his pocket, and said: "He who steals my purse, steals trash."—"Yes," replied the other, "and he who filches from you your good name, takes from you *what you never had!*"

Rare Sport.—After the rain the other day, we noticed a boy with a pole and line, bending with the utmost patience over a mud puddle in the middle of the road. There must have been a glorious nibble, for an hour afterwards not a sprinkle of water was left, the sun having dried the whole up. The boy however, kept on baiting and fishing, and at last upon drawing up his line tore open a nest of pismires. Clarmont Eagle.

Black-*guards!*—A regiment of "gentlemen of color" has been raised in Canada, for the service of Miss Victoria! We hope this move is not indispen*sable* for the protection of our friend the Queen, and that politics have not run so high that it is necessary to carry the war into *Africa*. Cincinnatian.

It takes the Yankees.—Since the passage of the law in Boston prohibiting all persons from selling ardent spirits, except druggists, no less than *seventeen hundred and eighty* new apothecary shops have been started in different parts of the city. A man has nothing to do but buy a bushel of epsom salts, a jar of magnesia, and a box of Lee's pills and he can keep and retail as much of the "O be joyful" as he pleases. God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts. N. O. Picayune.

A Public Danger.—A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who in the course of the "battle of knives and forks" accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee, sitting near by who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that are hole in your countenance any larger for God's sake, or we shall all starve to death."

Speech of a Prosecuting Attorney in Indiana.—"Now, gentlemen of the jury, this are a case. But I'll first tell you one thing. Ever since I have been prosecuting attorney, there is certain big bugs of the law that has tried to ride over me roughshod but, thank heaven, I have risen triumphantly over the rights and liberties of the law! yes, I rise indignantly above the jurisdiction of civility, in a blaze of glory."

A Western Hunter's Idea of Love.—"I say, Earthquake, were you ever in love?" "Ah! Rolfe, there you are too hard for me; I hardly know what to say about that. I have sometimes felt queer. When I've seen some of your Kentucky gals, I've felt quite funny—felt as if some one was drawing a briar over me. Now if you call that love, I have been in love." "Well, I think you have. Do you know any body that you would marry?" "I marry?—What for? To be always toating a wife through the woods, or across the swamps, to keep some red skin from taking her hair off?—Fool, who? She'll be all sorts of a gal who catches me," said Earthquake; "a wife is a queer thing, and getting one is like taking a varment out of a hollow; you don't know until you've got it in your hand, what sort of a thing it is."

Heavy Talk.—"Look here, Sam Johnsing! *is* you gwoin to de theatre to-night?" "No—is you I" "Dat I is! Don't you see de great traction dere on the bill?" "Yes I does. Say nig! what's the name of dat big piece down dere at de bottom?" "Well, I can't zackly specimify de name ob dat piece; but day say it's one dat posseses de biggest kind ob interestariety?" "Dat's enough—dat last spression ob yours convinces me—I'm gwoin." N. O. Picayune.

A schoolmaster, who was as fond of the use of his grog as the use of his globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drank five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes, and my gravitation begins to operate."

The Dutchman's Horse.—Dere's te horse vrow! He'll travel te hill up, an te road down better as any oder horse never did. Oder day I was riding been, and haf come to Rip Van Winkle's house up; my watch was youst 4 on te clock—when I was come to Hans Van Wagglance's it was vaunting 2 minutes to 4—Mein Gott! he beat de time dat much.

Utility of Laughter.—A hearty laugh is occasionally an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs of a man's brains, and the hypocondria from his ribs, far more effectually than champaign or blue pills.

The Cork Princess at Home.—The *Court Circular* stated, that his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex had an interview with *their Royal Highnesses* the Prince and Princess of Capua, at Mivart's Hotel. We understand that the following "kinvorsation," *inter alia*, took place:—

"I hope your Royal Highness, Miss Penelope Princess Smythe of Capua, will remain to witness the Coronation?"

Reply, with a fine brogue from the beautiful city:—"Ah, thin, now, my Royal Highniss and Juke, 'pon my conshince I think I shall honor the little lady *jest as far*."

The Duke of Sussex retired satisfied. Age.

The Duke of Kent died considerably in debt to the late Lords Fitzwilliam and Dundas. Very recently the representatives of these Peers have received the amount of their debts, accompanied by a valuable piece of plate from the Queen, with a letter expressive of the obligations she felt towards those who had been her father's friends, and the pleasure she and the Duchess felt in being enabled thus to express their feelings. Compare this with the manner in which the creditors of the Duke of York have been treated.

GOING AS FREIGHT.

An Irishman whose funds were rather low, had footed it all the way to Wheeling, and was still desirous to go as far as Portsmouth, thence to proceed by canal to a point not far distant from the latter place, where work was to be obtained. Having worn his toes through his boots, and the heels of a pair of old shoes quite low, he gave up the idea of using "Shank's mare" any longer. There were plenty of steamboats puffing and blowing at the landing, and he became quite fascinated at the idea of such an easy mode of conveyance.

"Captain, dear," said he, stepping on board a beautiful craft, "Captain, dear, and what'll you charge to take me to Portsmouth?"

"Seven dollars in the cabin."

"Seven dollars! arrah! seven dollars! Why, Captain dear, I havn't the half of that sum."

"Oh, never mind that, Pat, I'll take you as a deck passenger for three dollars, if you'll half work your passage, that is, help the hands to wood the boat."

Pat mused some minutes on this proposition, and then put another question.

"And, Captain, dear, what'll you take about a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"I'll charge you seventy-five cents for that."

"Then Captain, you see, I'm just the boy that weighs that—so you can enter me as freight, and I'll stow away snug enough somewhere below stairs."

A proposition so novel pleased the Captain highly, and calling one of his hands, he gave directions to have Pat stowed carefully away in the hold—and ordered the clerk to enter on the list—*One Irishman weighing 160 pounds*. Pat kept snug until he reached Portsmouth, a distance of 365 miles—having shown himself but twice, and only a few minutes at a time during the whole passage. There he paid his freight (75 cents) honorably, and was next seen with his bundle, tramping it along the tow path of the canal for his desired destination.

Baltimore Athenæum.

BABIES IN ABUNDANCE.

It is an old saying that we "cannot have too much of a good thing." Whether this is "a true saying" or not, it is unnecessary now, perhaps, to decide, but there is certainly such a thing as having more "good *things*" than we know well what to do with. Thus much prefatory to the following items of intelligence:—

1—The wife of Mr. Wm. Tinker, a fisherman in New York, presented him on Thursday with *three little female Tinkers*.

2—A Mrs. Dunn, of Detroit, recently presented her loved and loving lord with *three little dunns*. These are not "the worst kind" of duns.

3—Mrs. B. F. Cannon, of New Salem, in this State, on Tuesday night presented her husband with *four small cannons*. This fine little park of artillery is said to be in excellent condition.

Here's business for the agents and lecturers of the *anty-carrying-a-squalling-baby-to-church-society*, lately formed in Lynnfield.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Duane.—It is understood that Mr. PORTER, late trainer for Mr. McCARGO, and more recently for Col. WYNN, is engaged by Mr. FRIEND to train Duane and others in his stable for the Fall campaign. What "the others" are is yet unknown here positively, but it is pretty generally believed that they comprise several good ones, not "unknown to fame."

The ATHLETIC EXERCISES commence on the Beacon Course at Hoboken on Wednesday next. The track is now in fine order, and great sport may be expected. The first exhibition is a *Foot Race*, to come off at 2 o'clock. For the purse of $300, also for a Foot race, which will commence at 4 o'clock, STANNARD is entered, and there is likely to be a strong field against him. The large purses will be run for late in the afternoon of each day, commencing at 4 o'clock, to give gentlemen an opportunity of visiting the Course after business hours. We are desired to say that the price for Club or Privilege Tickets for the meeting is $3. Several persons from "the land of steady habits," where Stannard hails from, are in training, as well as many on the Island, and others from adjacent States. Some of the private trials made, are enough to frighten any one possessing less "pluck" than Stannard, who is "as fine as silk" and "going like a bird." The Race in Sacks is likely to be a sporting affair, and no mistake; five persons are known to be in training for it. Altogether there is every prospect of lots of fun. It may be as well to remark here, to those intending to run for the purses of $300 and $550, that their entries must be made to-day.

Washington vs. *Dutchman.*—We are desired to state that *Washington* will trot *Dutchman* for $2000 a-side, half forfeit, Two mile heats in harness, (drawing for the choice of the two courses, the Beacon or the Centreville) on Friday the 20th July next. Communications on the subject may be addressed to the "Hippona," Watts street.

A *Trotting Match* will take place on the 4th of July next, over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, for $1000, between JAMES BROWN's b. m. *Kitty Clover* and JOHN BROWN's ch. m. *Lady Victory*. If the weather should prove unfavorable, it will come off on the Monday following.

WOODS S. MILLER Esq. of Gallatin, Tenn. has sold to Messrs. HEAD & GREEN his ch. f. *Harpalice*, by Collier out of Helen by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs. old; also her full Brother, 3 yrs. old, and ch. f. *Minerva Miller*, by Collier dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. old. Price $4,500.

Mr. GEORGE G. WALDEN, for some time past a trainer at Columbia, S. C. for Col. ADAMS and other gentlemen, is about to establish a public training stable at Lexington, or Louisville, Ky.

Imported Envoy.—This fine English thorough-bred, imported by the Hon. JUDGE WILKINS, of Pa. is now the joint property of Messrs. JAS. BALL and JAMES WILSON, near Pittsburgh, Pa., who are standing him the present season in Kentucky. An advertisement relative to him will be found on the last page; it will be recollected that he made his first appearance in this country upon Long Island; a detailed notice of him was published in this paper on the 9th of Sept. last.

Col. OSMUN CLAIBORNE's beautiful mare *Antelope* (by Stockholder, out of old Gibb by Timoleon, 7 yrs.) dropt a fine filly foal to *Rodolph*, on the 23d ult. at Natchez, Miss. The dam and foal were some time since presented by the Col. to his little son, FERDINAND L. C., a fine-spirited, manly little fellow of six or seven years of age, in whose name we are desired to claim that of *Magdalene* for his first filly. Antelope is known at the North as having won the splendid Silver Tea Service from *Monmouth*, at New Orleans in 1836, and better at the South-west from her victory over the renowned *Hard Heart*.

☞ Temperance people tell us that "water is a great luxury;"—luxury, however, destroyed Greece and Rome; and we have no intention that it shall undermine *our* constitution. We are no advocates of over-indulgence in any liquor—vinous, spirituous, or malt—but they do concoct a drink at the *Cornucopia*—called by the vulgar a MINT JULAP, and by the disciples of Apicius a "rum sallad," which, in our opinion, is equal to nectar, only there is no Hebe to serve it. It is indeed a "*horn* of plenty." "Nought but itself can be its parallel;" and you can't find *itself* any where but at the *Doctor's*. He belongs to the "faculty," and as far as the drink in question is concerned, the *faculty* belongs to him. We have not entirely made up our mind, however, whether he beats "the old HARRY himself!"

☞ From the crowded state of our columns, we are unavoidably compelled to postpone the report of the Louisville races till our next.

TROTTING RACES OVER THE BEACON COURSE.

The Second Spring Meeting of the Trotting Club commenced on the Beacon Course, at Hoboken, on Tuesday last. The weather, track, and attendance has been good throughout. The report annexed is from one of our most accurate correspondents:—

TUESDAY, June 19, 1838.—Purse $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Wm. Wheelan's b. g. *Dutchman*	Owner	1	1
Wm Smith's gr. g. *Ben Franklin*	Hiram Woodruff	2	2

Time 5:37—5:32.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $200, free for all Pacing or Racking horses. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Henry Severance's s. g. *Oneida Chief*	Owner	1	1
A. L. Van Bosserck's ch. m. *Miss Saratoga*	Owner	2	2

Time, 5:14—5:09½.

WEDNESDAY, June 20—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Two mile heats, in Harness.

Geo. Spicer's s. g *Apollo*	Owner	1	1
Peter Wheelan's gr m. *Lady Suffolk*	Owner	2	2
Wm. Wheelan's bl g. *Black Hawk*	Owner	3	3

Time, 5:42—5:42.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match against Time for $500 a-side, to trot Thirty-Three miles in Two Hours, under the Saddle, carrying 145lbs. (the regular weight over this course in harness or under the saddle.)

Time won by 39 seconds!

The following is the time of each mile, with the stops designated:—

MILES.	TIME.		MILES.	TIME.	
1st	3:33		18th	3:42	
2	3:25		19	3:27	
3	3:27		20	3:33	
4	3:39		21	3:44	Stopped to water.
5	3:33		22	3:33	
6	3:45	Stopped to water.	23	3:55	
7	3:38		24	3:37	
8	3:31		25	3:33	
9	3:31		26	3:48	Stopped to water.
10	3:27		27	3:41	
11	3:43	Stopped to water.	28	3:38	
12	3:38		29	3:40	
13	3:30		30	3:52	
14	3:35		31	4:04	Stopped to water.
15	3:33		32	3:54	
16	3:44	Stopped to water.	33	3:55	
17	3:37				

The horse, a fine bay gelding of about 15½ hands, was admirably ridden by Mr JAMES MCMANN the whole distance. It will be seen from the record that time won by 39 seconds. On the 20th mile the horse was 48 seconds ahead of his time, and had he kept up his stroke at the rate 3:38 per mile, he would have won the match with 8 seconds to spare. He was stopped six times during the match, and had his mouth rinsed, by which he was detained 45 seconds; this might have been saved by prudent management. He should not have been stopped *still*; his mouth ought to have been sponged out while he was walking; the moment he was stopped he cooled and stiffened, and of course lost some time in recovering his action. He was very little distressed after the match, and in a few hours was lively as a cricket.

THURSDAY, June 21—Purse $300, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Mr. Vandewater's b. g *Rattler*	walked over.		

It is possible that *Aiefal* might have started for this purse, but he ran away with a sulkey a few days since, and not only knocked it into "immortal smash," but hurt his off hind leg badly.

SAME DAY—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Wm. E Denniss' b. m. *Greenwich Maid*	Owner	1	1
A. Voorhees' b. g. *Dutchman*	H. Woodruff	3	2
Geo. Spicer's s. g. *Apollo*	Owner	2	3

Time, 5:20—5:22.

It should be remarked of this trot that just after the start in the 2d heat, Greenwich Maid broke into a run, and kept it up for 150 yards; instead of taking her up forthwith, as he should have done, her driver commenced whipping; the same game was played on the 2d mile, the mare running from 125 to 150 yards! Notwithstanding this unsportsmanlike and manifestly unfair proceeding, she won the heat by about two lengths only.

FRIDAY, June 22—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

E. De Forrest's (D. Bryan's) gr. m. *Lady Suffolk*	D. Bryan	1	1
John Brown's ch. m. *Lady Victory*	Geo. Woodruff	2	2
J. Buckley's bl. g. *Black Hawk*	Wm. Wheelan	dist.	
S. Pitcher's br. g. *Cato*	P. Wheelan	dist.	
Geo. Whitcomb's b. m. *Sarah Paff*	Owner	dist.	

Time, 5:15—5:17. A beautiful trot.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $200 a-side. Two mile heats, in Wagons.

Lewis Rogers' b. g. *Ion*	Owner.	1	1
Richard Shepherd's b. g. *Mail Carrier*	Owner.	2	2

Time, 6:03—6:06.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses except the winner of the above free purse. Two mile heats, in Harness.

Wm. W. Janeway's gr. g. *Washington*		1	1
Wm. E. Denniss' b. m. *Greenwich Maid*		2	2
A. Voorhees' b. g. *Dutchman*		4	3
H. Van Dewater's b. g. *Rattler*		3	4

Time, 5:19—5:17.

A capital trot; the winner led from end to end both heats. The course was crowded, and the sport excellent. It will be seen that the Proprietors offer $400 in purses, for two trots, on the 4th of July next. See advertisement.

LETTER AND BANTER FROM COL. WYNN.

RACELAND (near Petersburg, Va.), June 15, 1838.

DEAR PORTER,—I have just returned from Nashville to my native home, the Old Dominion. Your useful paper of the 9th of June was taken from the Post Office at Petersburg, Va., on my way home. I have discovered that a correspondent writes you from Nashville, that I had disposed of all my blooded stock to Cols. CAMP & ACKLIN, of Alabama. I take the earliest opportunity to say that such is not the fact: I have not sold a single horse, or any part of one. I was in Nashville during the race week, but was never at the race field but a few moments on the day of the match, in order to pay my forfeit in the same, as I presume before this will meet you, you will have seen published. I am, however, prepared to say to you that my entire stock of blood horses (with the exception of such as have engagements to run in the East) will be removed to the West, the brood mares and colts included.

I have discovered that it has given no little trouble to my opponents to compete with my stable, and to prevent the further trouble of stocking the pack, I prefer removing. I have run my races single-handed, and have won my share; but I now see 'tis time to change my course,—it may save hard decisions and the injury done fine colts by running on their heels. I have no other fear with the stock that I now possess.

Isabella has at her foot a *Priam* filly, second to none in America. My Tonson mare, out of WYATT's Archie mare, and she out of Old Agnes, has at her foot a colt foal, also by *Priam*, that I think equal to any untried mare in this country. In fact, I think they can beat any two that Mr. J. C. STEVENS owns, Mile heats, over the National Course, when (Spring 3 yrs. old, 1841) for $5000 each Match, one untried dam, and the other tried as *Picton*, and others, her produce, shews. My course is now direct for the West, hoping my Eastern friends may find an easier customer.

WILLIAM WYNN.

P.S. My stock consists of about forty head, and I would like to sell them all to a company, and at fair value. *Picton*, I expect, will stand at Franklin, Tenn., next season, at $100. Due notice in time.

W. W.

News by the Packets.

RESULT OF THE DERBY AND THE OAKS FOR 1838.

The stupendous British steam packet, the *Great Western*, which sailed from Bristol on the 2d of June, arrived in this port early on Sunday morning last, and the *Sirius*, which left Cork on the 31st of May arrived on Monday night. By these arrivals we have received copious files of papers to their respective days of sailing, and also eight of our English Magazines for June. We beg here to make our acknowledgments to Mr. WILLMER, of the Foreign News Letter Office, Liverpool, for sending our parcels by Express to Bristol, by which we are in the receipt of the important intelligence of the result of *The Derby* and *The Oaks* for 1838.

The Great Western sailed on Saturday, immediately upon the arrival of the London mail. The London evening journals contain the bare result of the Oaks (run the day previous), which they received by Express from Epsom. As Bell's Life, and the weekly London journals, are published on Sunday, we have to compile our report of the great Epsom meeting from the Metropolitan daily papers, and those of Liverpool and Bristol; we have made it as complete as possible, and our readers may rely upon its accuracy.

It will be seen that *The Derby* has been carried off by an outsider with 50 to 1 vs. him! Sir GILBERT HEATHCOTE's *Amato*, by Velocipede out of Jane Shore, was the winner, Col. PEEL's *Ion* running 2d, and Lord GEO. BENTINCK's *Grey Momus* 3d! There were one hundred and thirty-four subscribers, of which twenty-three started.

Three London papers only, contain the result of *The Oaks*, which they received per Express from Epsom on Friday in time for their 2d editions of Saturday, the day the Great Western sailed from Bristol. From them we learn that Lord CHESTERFIELD's *Industry* out of Arachne, won cleverly, beating twelve others, only one of whom (Lord SUFFIELD's *Calisto*, by Camel out of Ursula) was placed.

Our English SPORTING and THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE to-day will be found very copious and interesting. The papers before us contain nothing else of especial interest save that Prince TALLEYRAND died at Paris on the 27th ult.—*in his bed*—at the age of 84. He received the unction and absolution, but the Archbishop of Paris kept aloof from him. King Louis Philippe visited him, and though nearly dying, the old diplomatist insisted on presenting in due form those in the room to the King, and thanked him for the honor. Madame Adelaide was also there, and Thiers and Mole were at the death scene. A last act of his life was asking forgiveness of the Pope for his participation in the Federation.

The *Coronation* is to take place on the 28th instant, next Thursday. The papers are crowded with articles relative to it; QUEEN VICTORIA has given notice that it is her desire that the ladies who attend at the Drawing Room appear in dresses of British manufacture.

The Sirius made her passage home in eighteen days, and the Great Western in fourteen days and seven hours, notwithstanding she encountered nine days of head winds and a severe gale. Her last passage to this port was made in fourteen days and ten hours, from dock to dock. The arrival of the Great Western at Bristol produced a great sensation. A grand entertainment was given on board, and the ladies of New York, and our Mayor, &c. were toasted with great cordiality. A number of new steamships are already on the stocks under the excitement, at Liverpool, Bristol, and London. The success of the Great Western and Sirius has led to the immediate establishment of a company at Liverpool for a line of steam ships between that port and New York.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES' new play of *Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguises*, has been produced with great success at Covent Garden. Under our theatrical head will be found the plot and a sensible criticism upon the piece, which is said to be equal if not superior to *The Love Chase*.

Lord Chesterfield has sold *Edgar* to Mr. Payne for 400 guineas.

A remarkably fine yearling colt by Glencoe, out of Monimia (the dam of Wintonian) the property of Mr. Wreford, died a few days ago of inflammation of the lungs.

Lord Suffield, we hear, has purchased the splendid pack of hounds belonging to Mr. Lambton, and that much sport is expected next season, particularly as a first-rate man is also engaged to hunt them.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—Foster, of Ticknell, who last week walked six miles on Doncaster Course, in fifty-six minutes, under many disadvantages, not omitting want of training, now wishes to back himself to walk seven miles within the hour, on the same ground, or two miles in seventeen minutes.

Lord Henry Seymour, who won almost all the great prizes at Chantilly, gave Lord Chesterfield 1,200 guineas for *Scroggins*, and *Mendicant* was purchased of Lord Jersey, at the Craven Meeting, for the Prince of Moskowa, for the sum of £300, by Nimrod.

Mr. J. Briskham, of York, has sold his b. c. *Charley Duff*, by St. Nicholas, out of Linton Lock's dam, by Thunderbolt, and b. c. *Scout*, by St. Nicholas, dam by Blacklock, out of Physician's dam, to F. R. Price, Esq. Both colts are engaged in the Epsom Derby, 1839.

NOVEL WAGER.—The Hon. Mr. Wellesley has undertaken, for a very considerable sum, to fling a stone from Topham's garden, across the Thames, into the opposite meadow. This affair comes off *to-day!* Mr. W. to have twenty-one throws, and undertakes to fling five out of them to the meadow. Sunday Times.

A "NOBLE COACHMAN."—The new Coach Company started a new coach on Monday last, called "The Quicksilver," on Stafford's patent safety principle, with appointments of first-rate description. Lord H. Thynne has assumed the whip, and drives with a considerable degree of ease and dexterity.

Hampshire Telegragh.

TROTTING CHALLENGE.—*Sir*,—Understanding the American horse, *Confidence*, is to be sold at Tattersall's next Monday (28th May), I beg to repeat for the benefit of those who may purchase him, I am prepared to trot him with my nag, his own weight and distance, from 5 miles to 20 miles, for £100 or £500. I am to be found at the Ram Inn, Northampton. Your obedient servant,

JOHN PALMER.

In consequence of Mr. Pardy declining the match with the Bald-faced Cob, from Mr. Chester's declaration that he would not make any match with him, The Bald-faced Cob on Wednesday, trotted a mile against the Phenomenon mare of Greenwich, and beat her easy, doing the mile under 3 minutes, owners riding; Bald-face carrying 13st., the mare 9st.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—A terrier bitch, belonging to James Clowe, Parham, Suffolk, killed on Monday, the 7th inst. fifty full-grown rats (caught the same day) in a ten feet pit, in the short space of three minutes and forty-five seconds. The bitch weighed only 24lb.

RED HOUSE.—The grand match between two celebrated shots, at three hundred birds, for 200 sovs., 21 yards' rise, with five traps, at 100 birds each day, will come off on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next.

THE GRAND STAND AT EPSOM.—The great influx of company to this splendid and commodious building last year, has induced the proprietors to extend their accommodations by the addition of other rooms, and no pains will be spared to gratify the brilliant assemblage by which it will no doubt be visited There are some hopes that her Majesty may be induced to attend; but certainly the presence of royalty and foreign princes will exceed all former precedents. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers, that independent of refreshments by Mr. Turner, of the Percy Hotel, Rathbone Place, which will be provided in a style of comfort never surpassed, the visitors here by being at once set down from their carriages and taken up with facility, avoid all the inconvenience resulting from a position either on the hill or along the sides of the course, where the nuisances by which they are surrounded are interminable if not alarming. We cannot too frequently state that the Derby will be run for on the Wednesday, and the Oaks on Friday.

A Correspondent informs us, that several of the most respectable inhabitants of Newmarket have it in contemplation to raise a subscription, for the purpose of giving a piece of plate or a gold cup, to be run for on the same terms as the Great Cup Races at Chester, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., viz., by adding it to a Handicap of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five, &c. A liberal prize of the kind, emanating from the tradespeople, would bring both honor and profit to a town which is deservedly styled the metropolis of the turf.

DEAF BURKE AT MANCHESTER.—Deaf Burke will make his first appearance in public, since his return from America, at his benefit to-morrow (Monday May 21,) at the Mosley Arms, Manchester. Reuben Marten joins him in the speculation, and Jem Ward, who has offered his services on the occasion, will set-to, wearing at the time the champion's belt. Rutter, Dick Davis, Parkes, and others will also lend their aid. A bumper is expected.

THE VALUABLE RACING STUD of the late Thomas Johnson will be sold by auction on Thursday, in the Liverpool July meeting.

On Friday, while a gentleman was rifle-shooting at Chalk Farm, a small pig unfortunately came within range, when the son of the trigger said he would have a flying shot, agreeing to pay for his "bird," if he brought it down. He immediately levelled and fired, and, to the surprise of all, poor *squeak* paid the forfeit of his life, the ball having perforated him from tail to snout. He instantly fell dead. The distance, on measurement, was full 135 yards. It was a double-barrelled gun, the left barrel only being rifled, and was made by Laing, to whom the gentleman is well known. Such shooting would do for the "back woods."

The Marquis of Waterford's splendid brig yacht *Charlotte*, of 265 tons, built at Southampton in 1834, regardless of expense, by J. P. Powell, Esq., has been announced for sale.

STAG HUNT EXTRAORDINARY.—On Saturday week, Mr. J. Cannicott, of Stibbeer Farm, near Ilminster, in passing through a field adjoining his house, started a fine stag, which, it is supposed, had escaped from the park of some gentleman in the neighborhood. Mounting his fleetest nag, he immediately gave chace with the animal right a-head and two sheep dogs at his heels: numberless were the adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes" which he met with as he pursued the stag from Stibbeer to Dennyatt, crossing the stream, on to Horton, thence to the park of W. Speke, Esq., at Jordan, through part of Ilton to Whitelackington Copse, where it was ultimately shot by the gamekeeper of J. Lee, Esq., who had joined in the chace a short time before its termination.

EXTRAORDINARY COLT FOAL.—A mare, about half-bred, the property of Mr. Thomas Cocking, of Armthorpe, near Doncaster, dropped a colt-foal, on Wednesday morning last, perfect in all its parts except the head, which has only one eye, in the centre of the forehead; the mouth is also adverse to nature, the lower jaw being undershot at least two inches. The colt, which was a fine dark bay, was immediately destroyed by Bentley, but the head is preserved by Mr. Hough, veterinary surgeon, of Doncaster, for the inspection of the curious.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM.—The four men, Owen Swift, Samuel Evans, alias Dutch Sam, Frank Redmond, and Brown, "the go-cart man," against whom the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, as accessary to the death of Brighton Bill, in a pugilistic encounter at Royston, have eluded the police, and are still at liberty. It is said they are all at Boulogne, where many well acquainted with their persons are stated to have seen them. At the time of the fight Evans was under recognizances to take his trial at Westminster sessions for a violent assault on M'Kenzie constable C. Sam did not surrender in discharge of the recognizances, and they were in consequence estreated, and a return made to the Exchequer. Writs have, within the last few days, been issued against the bail for the recovery of the amount in which they were bound. There is little doubt that but for the death of "Brighton Bill," Evans would have surrendered. The amount of the bail was £80.

A MATCH has been made that is likely to create great interest in the sporting world. A gentleman, not a hundred miles from Harborough, and well known to all Melton men, as a "rum 'un to go straight," has backed a horse, now in his possession, to do one hundred miles in nine hours, in harness; the owner, "a big 'un," to drive. The agreement specifies he is to do fifty miles and rest an hour, and then proceed. Time is the favorite at Birmingham, and we should think ought to be; for Mr. Osbaldeston, who had as good as man could get, had work enough to do one hundred miles in ten hours, with a trotter that could beat any galloping. The match is to take place on the road from Leicester to Melton, and will come off on the 18th of June next. The stakes are £50 a-side, half forfeit; but the owner of the horse is too good a mettled 'un to pay forfeit.

Sunday Times.

EPSOM RACES, 1838.

The races commenced Tuesday, May 29. The attendance on the course was unusually thin, even for the first day of the races. There were few persons present, excepting professed sporting men, and the number of them was very small. There were no equipages beyond a solitary britscha here and there. The groups of horsemen were thinly scattered over the downs, and a few wretched go-carts at the end of the course next to the town of Epsom completed the picture. There was scarcely a lady to be seen either on the course or on the great "stand." Clouds of dust were flying into every body's eyes, whilst a hot sun and a cold easterly wind contended for the mastery to the general annoyance. The first day of the races is usually but a day of preparation for what is to follow on the succeeding ones. Yesterday it was more so than ever. As the "Derby" day is on Wednesday, (to-day), instead of Thursday, which has hitherto always been the "great, the important day," those who have the management of booths and tents, have less time to get ready than formerly, and they were yesterday exhibiting an increase of energy to supply the want of time. The rain on Monday night has done some service to the course; the turf is in good order, and considering its exposed situation and the long drought, much better than most people expected to find it. The Derby Stakes are this year of more than usual value—130 subscribers, of 50 sovereigns each, which, after allowing 100 sovereigns to the owner of the second horse, and 100 more for the expense of the police, leaves between £6,000 and £7,000 for the owner of the winning horse, a sum worth contending for, and worthy of the best blood in the kingdom. The favorites for this heavy sum were yesterday on the course—Cobham, Grey Momus, Phœnix, and Young Rowton.

Since last year two alterations have been effected in the "constitution" of this meeting, both, we may say with confidence, being calculated to add to its popu

larity. The first is the addition to the stewardship of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who, as well as his colleague, Baron de Tessier, resides in the neighborhood. Sir Gilbert is a straightforward and liberal supporter of the turf, and possesses in a very high degree the esteem of his neighbors and brother sportsmen; the choice, therefore, cannot fail to give satisfaction. The other change alluded to is in the days on which the Derby and Oaks will henceforth be run. Hitherto they have been decided on Thursday and Friday, and the consequence has been that the Oaks has proved a listless, worn out, lackadaisical affair, or something like the day after the feast: the public tired, the horses stale, the finery tarnished, the stands half filled; and the provisions short and uninviting. By suffering a day to intervene the pleasure seekers get time to "shake their feathers," the jaded posters a little needful rest, the caterers to provide creature comforts worthy of the occasion, and the Oaks, as a general result instead of submitting to a second hand reputation, to become a "grand" day on its own account. The alteration, therefore, affecting at once the prosperity of the races and the convenience of the public, is deserving of every commendation. In other respects the arrangements are on the same excellent plan as usual.

If the success of the meeting depended on the nature and extent of the sport yesterday, there can be nothing to fear, for the racing was sufficient in quantity to satisfy any moderate person, and of a quality on the whole to leave no ground of complaint. Moreover, it is due to the stewards to state that the different stakes were run with Newmarket precision as to time, a virtue rarely found in racing matters. With the exception of one or two showers, the weather was delightful; and if the attendance was not large, it was on a par with the average of the first days here and elsewhere. From the list of subscribers at the Grand Stand and other sources we are enabled to give the following fashionables as a portion of those present:—The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Albemarle, Earl Stradbroke, Earl of Suffield, the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Uxbridge, Earl Wilton, Count Bathiany, Count D'Orsay, Baron de Tessier, Lord Villiers, Lord Waldegrave, Lord H. Bentinck, Sir J. Shelley, Sir G. Heathcote, the Hon. General Grosvenor, the Hon. Col. Anson, the Hon. G. Byng, Colonel Peel, the Hon. A. Villiers, Messrs Greville, Payne, H. Coombe, J. Stanley, Errington, Ricardo, Worrall, J. Bayley, Crommelin, Bainbridge, Copeland, Williamson, Williams, J. White, Dolphin, Clive, Broadhead, Etwall, Gardnor, Shelley, Peyton, &c.

Many of the higher classes took up their quarters in the grand stand, and we can state, for the comfort of those who find enjoyment in the "good things" of this life, that the catering comprehended all that the most fastidious appetite could desire, and that the charges were on a scale which could not displease. This important feature of the Derby day was intrusted last year to Mr. Careless of the City, who proved that he had not lived within a stone's throw of Guildhall without profiting by it; it is this year under the management of a Mr. Tucker, of Rathbone place, who on this his "opening day," has shown that he understands the policy of doing business on a large scale.

The following is a return of the sport:—

TUESDAY, May 29, 1838.—The *Craven Stakes* of 10 sovs. each; for 3 yr. olds, 6st.—4, 8st.—5 8st 9lb.—6, 9st. 2lb.—and aged, 9st. 5lb. The last mile and a quarter. Eight subscribers.

Lord Suffield's *Caravan*, 4 yrs	Pavis.	1
Lord Westminster's Richard Roe, 3 yrs		2
Lord G. Bentinck's Seth, 4 yrs		3
Mr. Ford's Quo Minus, 3 yrs		4
Mr. Bond's Young Kean (Worry colt), 3 yrs		5
Lord Exeter's Hibiscus, 4 yrs		6

Betting: 6 to 4 on Caravan, and 4 to 1 agst. Seth.—Richard Roe and Seth lay in front at a moderate pace for the first quarter of a mile; Caravan then took up the running at improved speed, was never caught, and won easily by a length; a considerable space separated the others.

The *Woodcote Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, h. ft, for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Last half-mile. Three subs

Mr. Worrall's b. c. *Peon*, by Lapdog	Rogers.	1
Captain Gardnor's f. by Actæon, out of Mistletoe	———	2

Even betting, Peon for choice—he made all the running, and won cleverly by half a length.

The *Shirley Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—One mile.

Sir G. Heathcote's *Tawney Owl*	Chapple	1
Lord Stradbroke's Beggarman	———	2

Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Beggarman, who made the play round the turn, where Tawney Owl went by him, had the rest of the race to himself, and won in a canter by three lengths. We understand that Beggarman was not up to the mark.

The *Epsom Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The second to save his stake. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c. Mile heats. Seven subs.

Lord Stradbroke's b. c. *Redcar*, 4 yrs	Nat.	3	1	1
Mr. J. Day's Oberon, aged		5	2	2
Lord Exeter's b. f. Elf, 3 yrs		1	5	3
Mr. Sadler's f. by Reveller, out of Design, 4 yrs		2	3	dr
Mr. S. Brown's b. f. Magnolia, 4 yrs		4	4	dr

First heat—The race was confined to the 1st three, and was won by a head only, the 3d not being more than a neck from the 2d. The 2d heat was disputed stride for stride for 200 yards, between Redcar and Oberon, and won by a neck. In the 3d heat Redcar made all the play, and won in a canter.

THE DERBY—(*This Day*)—The following is a list of the horses likely to start, with the names of the trainers and riders:—

Lord Westminster's Albemarle, J. Scott, trainer—Holmes, rider.
Lord Chesterfield's Bretby, J. Scott, trainer—H. Edwards, rider.
Mr. H. Coombes' Cobham, J. Scott, trainer—Scott, rider.
Lord Jersey's Phœnix, Ranson, trainer—Robinson, rider.
——— Cetus gelding, Ranson, trainer—C. Edwards, rider.
Mr. Payne's Young Rowton, S. Chifney, trainer—S. Chifney, rider.
Col. Peel's Ion, Cooper, trainer—Pavis, rider.
Hon. Captain Berkeley's Bullion, W. J. Day, trainer—Conelly, rider.
Mr. E. Peel's The Early Bird, Lord, trainer—Templeman, rider.
Mr. Forth's Conservator, the owner, trainer—owner, rider.
Mr. Worrall's Dormouse, Rogers, trainer—S. Rogers, rider.
Duke of Grafton's Chymist, Stevenson, trainer—Wheatley, rider.
Sir G. Heathcote's Amato, Sherwood, trainer—Chapple, rider.
Mr. Buckley's Tom, Cary, trainer—Darling, rider
Sir J. Boswell's Constantine, T. Dawson, trainer—Lye, rider.
Mr. Edward's Drum-Major, owner, trainer—G. Edwards, rider.
Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus, J. Day, trainer—J. Day, rider.
——— D'Egville, J. Day, trainer—J. Day, jun., rider.
Sir J. Mill's Volunteer, J. Day, trainer—S. Day, rider.
Mr. Tarleton's Blaise, Perren, trainer—Perren, jun., rider.
Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus, Perren, trainer—Wright, rider.
Mr. Gurney's Surprise colt, Pettit, trainer—Pettit, jun., rider.
Mr. Stirling's c. by Aaron, Baldwin, trainer—Boast, rider.
Mr. Bond's Scurry colt, Mays, trainer—Wakefield, rider.
——— Sister to Glaucus, Mays, trainer—Macdonald, rider.

It is doubtful whether the Cetus gelding will run.

THE DERBY DAY, WEDNESDAY, May 30.

The "Derby" day! the business day of sporting men, and the holiday of the population of the metropolis, whether sporting or not, came off yesterday. We have already made allusion to the preparations which were apparent on the course on Tuesday; they were hardly sufficient for the immense, the innumerable throng, which yesterday swarmed upon the downs. The city of Thebes is fabled to have poured forth her thousands on the plains of Egypt, but London certainly poured forth three times the number on the plains of Epsom yesterday more than her Homeric rival of ancient days. The whole line of road, from the Elephant and Castle to the race-ground, was a moving mob of vehicles of every description, and of many sorts that defy description; every one of these vehicles was crammed with passengers, all interested in the "Derby." Horsemen of every class, and mounted on horses of every sort, were everywhere to be seen. Many an animal, redeemed for a few hours from the knife of the knacker, was doomed to the purgatory of conveying to the race-ground a go-cart of individuals who felt no sympathy in his suffering, and urged his exertions with the perpetual application of the whip. Omnibuses, not improperly called "cruelty vans," hackney-coaches, stage-coaches, coaches, deserting their usual roads, cabs, gigs, carts, and chaises, mingled in promiscuous confusion with equipages of a higher and more aristocratic class. The scene of this bustle commenced in its full vigor at the Kensington turnpike, and it was only by the excellent arrangements and good temper of those who had to keep the gate that accidents were prevented, and the road made passable to the throng. It is speaking very much within bounds to say, that at an early hour upwards of 5000 persons were assembled at the gate of the Southampton railroad, at Nine-Elms, near Vauxhall, for the purpose of going by the railroad trains to the Kingston station, and from thence by other conveyances to the race-course. The steamboats which ply from London-bridge and from Hungerford were filled with passengers, who made sure of getting down to Epsom by the railroad. Hundreds were fated to be disappointed. There were ten times more applicants for seats in the train-vans than there were seats for their accommodation. The proprietors did what they could to meet the demands for conveyance, but they could not do what was impossible. At the Elephant and Castle every vehicle was in requisition; and the owner even of the sorriest conveyance made a rich harvest of the cockney zeal of his customers. The scene on the race course was peculiarly animating. The day was fine; there was not too much wind, and though the heat of the sun had completely dried up the effects of the showers on Monday night, the turf was in fine order, and there was, comparatively, but little annoyance from dust. The weather on Monday night, which was in London no more than a heavy rain, was there a perfect tempest of rain, thunder and lightning. Many of the booths were blown down, and the top of a tent planted on the hill to the right hand of the course was lifted from the ground like a balloon by the fury of the blast, and conveyed completely across the course. Little or no damage, however, was done to any of the erections, and the result of the storm was to make the turf soft to the tread of the horses. The police yesterday had their work to do, and they did it with good temper and great professional tact; there were many "ugly customers" upon the ground, who were anxious to get up rows for the purpose of plunder and depredation; their aims were frustrated, and the public protected from their attempts. At the conclusion of the races one of the most animating scenes that can be conceived was to be seen—the sudden and almost simultaneous movement of ten thousand vehicles, of thousands of horsemen, of myriads of foot dispersing on all sides from a common centre, and breaking away in every direction to regain their homes. It is impossible to say whether or not any accidents occurred, but none of any serious character was mentioned in Epsom or the neighborhood. It is to be regretted that the road, if the narrow lane leading from the town of Epsom to the race-course deserve such a title, is not made wider and more passable; in its present state, it is wonderful that every other carriage going along it is not dashed to pieces; and there is no security whatever of pathway, or anything else for foot passengers, who are actually driven into the hedges for safety from the rapid rate at which the various vehicles are propelled. Of the racing, as will be seen, the result was not according to the calculations of the *cognoscenti*. Sir Gilbert Heathcote's *Amato*, the winner of the Derby, was, in the sporting phrase, an "outsider;" the odds were 40 to 1 against him, yet he won the race! Against *Ion*, who came in second, the odds were 10 to 1! So much for the judgment of sporting men. Against *Grey Momus* the odds were 4 to 1. It was hinted in the early part of the morning that he could not win, and the manner in which he ran proved that the hint was a good one. The judgment of betting men has little to do with any knowledge of the powers of a horse; it proceeds upon the information picked up from trainers, stud grooms, and helpers in training stables—a knowledge collected by bribery and peculation, and communicated in treachery and falsehood; the regular betting men concoct upon this intelligence an organized system of calculated events; they make up their "books" with the certainty of a remunerating profit for their trouble, and, without knowing or caring any more about the qualification of the horse for actual speed or running, contrive to obtain a rich harvest from the gulls, who from an affectation of being thought sporting men, or a necessity for external excitement, are sufficiently silly to become their dupes.

Our list of the fashionables present is shorter than we could have made it, had we not trusted to the names of the visitors being recorded in the usual way at the Grand Stand; there, however, "the pressure from without" was so great, that no time was permitted to do more than to receive money and return tickets. We are, therefore, compelled to trust to our recollection for the following names:—

Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Dukes of Beaufort, Montrose, and Rutland. Marquis of Exeter, Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. Lords Jersey, Chesterfield, Suffield, Wilton, Stradbroke, Uxbridge, Albemarle, Eglintoun, Hillsborough, Craven, Portarlington, Stanley, Mulgrave, Gardiner, R. Paget, Villiers, Waldegrave, G. Bentinck, J. Fitzroy, H. Bentinck, &c. Counts Batthiany, D'Orsay, and several other foreign noblemen. Ladies Chesterfield, Milbanke, Seymour, &c. Sirs J. Shelley, D. Baird, G. Heathcote, C. Cooke, &c. Honorables Gen. Grosvenor, G. Anson, G. Byng, J. Wortley, A. Villiers, S. Herbert, &c. Colonels Peel, Copeland, &c. Captains White, Willan, Ricardo, Gardnor, Williamson, Williams, &c. Messieurs Greville, J. Stanley, Irby, Worrall, J. Bayley, Shelley, Peyton, Dolphin, Payne, H. Coombe, Errington, Crommelin, Clive, Etwall, Higgins, M. Stanley, Batson, De Burgh, &c. Amongst the fair inmates of the Grand Stand were Mesdames Grisi and Taglioni.

The start was advertised to take place at 2 o'clock, but it was not till two or three minutes past three that the anxieties of a year's speculation were brought to a close; at that was decided—

THE DERBY.

A Renewal of the *Derby Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. Last mile and a half. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers. 134 subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's *Amato*, by Velocipede, out of Jane Shore	Chapple.	1
Col. Peel's *Ion*, by Cain	Pavis	2
Lord G. Bentinck's *Grey Momus*, by Comus	J. Day.	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Coombe's Cobham (Scott); Lord Jersey's Phœnix (Robinson); Lord G. Bentinck's D'Egville (J. Day, jun.); Mr. Payne's Young Rowton (Chifney); Captain Berkeley's Bullion (Conolly); Mr. E. Peel's The Early Bird (Templeman); Mr. Forth's Conservator (owner); Mr. Edwards's Drum Major (G. Edwards); Lord Westminster's Albemarle (H. Edwards); Duke of Grafton's Chymist (Wheatley); Sir J. Boswell's Constantine (Lye); Gen. Grosvenor's Dædalus (Nat); Lord Chesterfield's Bretby (Holmes); Mr. Sterling's c. by Aaron (Boast); Sir J. Mill's Volunteer (E. Edwards); Mr. Buckley's Tom (Darling); Mr. Worrall's Dormouse (Rogers); Mr. Bond's c. by Reveller, out of Scurry (Wakefield); Mr. Pettit's c. by St. Patrick, out of Surprise (Pettit, jun.); and Mr. Tarleton's Blaise (Perren).

The betting on this stake, from the commencement to the close, has on the aggregate been exceedingly heavy, and an immense number of horses have at different periods been backed; at the same time it has been very unequal—brisk and important during the October meetings at Newmarket, and in the winter months at Tattersall's, but dull in the extreme eight or nine weeks immediately preceding the race. It was remarkable not less for the enormous sums laid out upon Nonplus, Grey Momus, Bamboo, Cobham, D'Egville, and Phœnix, than for the amazing number of outsiders fancied, and the extravagant odds betted; some idea may be formed on this point from the fact that previous to the Craven meeting at least sixty horses had been backed. Various fluctuations arose in the course of the winter, but it remained for the Newmarket meetings to bring about those most interesting to the backers of public runners. At the beginning of the Craven Meeting the field confining the terms to such horses as were actually in the market, was small, the formidable array of outsiders spoken of above having dispapeared with the frost. Phœnix's running for the Riddlesworth, while it secured a large sum to his noble owner, proved nothing; he won easily, it is true, but the beaten horses were notoriously bad; it was afterwards found expedient to scratch him out of his other spring arrangements, the trainer, we believe, entertaining an apprehension that his legs would not stand the preparatien for the Derby should he run them out. The next meeting was more decisive in its results. Grey Momus came out in his Goodwood form, beat Bamboo (twice), Alemdar, Saintfoin, &c., cleverly, and at once became first favorite. In the same meeting Bœotian gave two outsiders (Dædalus and Caligula) their *quietus*, and brought up Beggarman to 20 to 1, the race between the two having been a very near thing. The last meeting was altogether inoperative, but was made remarkable by the fright given to the backers of Phœnix; a short cough (not proceeding from disease) drove him in a moment from 5 to 10 or 15 to 1, and many persons hedged their money; in three days after he was again 5 to 1. In the course of the last fortnight the weight of the betting was about Grey Momus, Cobham, Phœnix (immense sums were laid out on each), Young Rowton, Bullion, and Ion. The Early Bird and Beggarman were at an average of their general prices, but were not in any force. The only outsiders fancied were Albemarle, Drum Major, and Conservator. At this time the Nonplus colt, which had been backed to win more than £100,000, disappeared, his friends discovering too late that Cobham was the nag, and that they had acted unwisely in selecting a dark horse when there was a good public runner in the stable.

Having noticed the fluctuations in the odds during the two or three days preceding the race, it only remains for us to state that the betting at starting, after Lord G. Bentinck's declaration that he should win with the Grey if possible, was 2 to 1 against Grey Momus, 7 to 2 against Cobham, 7 to 1 against Phœnix, 8 to 1 against D'Egville (taken), 13 to 1 against Young Rowton, 13 to 1 against Ion, 25 to 1 against The Early Bird, 30 to 1 against Amato, 30 to 1 against Albemarle, 40 to 1 against Conservator, 40 to 1 against Drum Major, 40 to 1 against Chymist, 40 to 1 against Bullion, and 100 to 15 against Bretby.

After a long delay and about three futile attempts the horses were got off, but of so unsatisfactory a nature was the actual start, that several jockies half stopped their horses, and Young Rowton and the Surprise colt were left behind altogether. As soon as the horses had settled into their ground, Bretby went away with the lead at a capital pace, followed by Grey Momus, Amato, and Tom, Albemarle, Phœnix, Ion, Dædalus, D'Egville, and Conservator lying behind in good places. They observed this order up the hill, at the top of which Bretby declined, the Grey taking the lead, which he kept, with Tom, Amato, and Albemarle in attendance, to the turn. Phœnix, who had run well to this point, now gave up, so also did D'Egville, Cobham, and Constantine, several others having declined long before. Amato here shot by the Grey, and increased the pace tremendously, the Grey following, with Tom still up, and Ion just beginning to show in front on the second rank. Amato had made the Grey safe directly he took up the running, and although Ion made a desperate effort for victory half way up the distance, it was with no other result than to get second place, the judge awarding the prize to the Epsom nag by a length, his advantage over the Grey being four times as great. Albemarle passed Tom near the chair, and was fourth, Tom fifth, Dormouse and Conservator sixth and seventh, but all a considerable distance from the first four. The others were tailed off a long way, Cobham and Bretby being last of all by many lengths. The principal winners are several gentlemen living at Sutton or elsewhere in the neighborhood of Epsom. Sir Gilbert Heathcote himself never bets. The stakes, inclusive of the winner's, amounted to £3925, subject to the deduction stated in the conditions. The announcement that Sir Gilbert had won was received with vehement acclamations from all parts of the course. After the race some inquiry was made into the cause of Young Rowton and the Surprise colt being left behind, and as it turned out that the flag was dropped, no complaint was made.

The *Ewell Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; 3 yrs. 7st.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 7lb.—6 and aged 8st. 11lb.; mares and geldings, and horses which have started four times and not won, allowed 3lb.; a winner at any time (matches excepted) to carry, for twice, 3lb.; thrice, 5lb.; and four times, 7lb. extra. Last half mile. Ten subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. *Countess*, 4 yrs	Chapple.	1
Lord Stradbroke's Fifer, 4 yrs	———	0
Captain Gardnor's Benedict, 4 yrs	———	0

The following also started:—Lord Exeter's Corban, 4 yrs.; Mr. Bond's b. f. by Partisan, out of Coquette, 3 yrs.; Mr. E. Peel's ch. m. Post Haste, 5 yrs.; and Mr. Smith's ch. m. Rosebud, (h. b.) 5 yrs. Countess jumped off with the lead, kept it to the end, and won cleverly by a length. A dead heat for 2d.

The *Ashtead Stakes* of 6 sovs. each, with 40 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 10lb.—4, 8st. 9lb.—5, 9st. 3lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 6lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 150*l.*, &c. Last half mile. Twelve subs.

Mr. Pettit's b. g. *Munchausen*, 3 yrs	Pettit, jun.	1
Lord Chesterfield's f. by Priam, out of Speculator's dam, 3 yrs		2
Mr. Lambden's Blankney		3

The following also started:—Mr. Harvey's b. f. Maid of Hampton, 4 yrs.; Mr. Sadler's Padronessa, 3 yrs.; Mr. J. Dashwood's ch. f. by Bizarre, out of sister to Aurora, 3 yrs.; Mr. Webb's b. f. by Bulgarian, out of Christobel, 3 yrs.; Capt. Martyn's f. by The Colonel, out of Misletoe, 3 yrs.; Lord Exeter's Elf, 3 yrs.; and Mr. Balchin's b. f. by Cain, out of Lady Belle, 3 yrs.

The first was a false start, but made a very pretty race, Elk and Blankney having contested it closely throughout, the latter winning. The second attempt all got off well, Blankney leading with the Priam filly and Munchausen in her track until half way up the distance, when the latter went up and won cleverly, the filly getting second place. The winner claimed.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, with 10 sovs. added. The winner to be sold for 80, &c. Last half mile. Three subs.

Mr Harrison's *Brother to Elizabeth*, 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb	Buckle.	1
Mr. Holles' b. f. by Logic, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb		2

Won by a length after a good race.

THURSDAY, May 31.—"After a storm comes a calm," says an old adage, so to the Derby day succeeds one of a quieter character; the company thin, the racing plentiful enough, but of little interest; the betters with "no speculation in their eyes," and the *ensemble* comparatively meagre and unprofitable. Such has invariably been the case in our experience, and such was the case yesterday. It is enough, therefore, to state that the sport, without having any intrinsic importportance, was good, the attendance tolerably numerous for an "off-day," and the weather favorable. Many of the fashionables named in our last were present.

The following is a return of the sport:—

The *Sutton Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 3lb.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 11lb.; mares, geldings, and horses which have started four times and not won, allowed 3lb.; a winner twice (matches excepted) 3lb.; thrice, 5lb.; and four times, 7lb. extra. One mile. Seven subs.

Capt. Gardnor's b. c. *Benedict*, 4 yrs	Pavis.	1
Sir G. Heathcote's c. Bay Hampton, 3 yrs		2
Lord Exeter's Corban, 4 yrs		3
Lord Stradbroke's Fifer, 4 yrs		4

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Corban (taken), 5 to 2 agst. Bay Hampton, 2 to 1 agst. Fifer, and 4 to 1 agst. Benedict, who made all the running, and won by about a length.

The *Surrey Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5, &c., with 100 added. Cup Course—Thirteen subs., 6 of whom declared.

Mr. V. King's *Hectic*, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb	Sly.	1
Mr. Bowes' Jagger, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb		2
Lord Exeter's Dardanelles, 4 yrs. 8st. 3lb		3
Mr. Garrard's Cornborough, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb		4
Mr. Forth's Sister to Hatfield, 4 yrs. 6st. 7lb		5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Jagger, 5 to 2 agst. Dardanelles (taken), and 7 to 2 agst. Hectic. Jagger made play at a good pace, followed by Sister to Hatfield to Tattenham-corner, where Dardanelles made an attempt to get up, but failed. Hectic waited to the stand, where he went up, and won cleverly by a length.

The *Gold Cup* of 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for 3 year 6st. 4lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 2lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes this year, 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; and of three or more, 7lb. extra. The winner to be sold for 400, &c. Two miles. Four subs.

Lord Exeter's *Hibiscus*, 4 yrs	Conelly.	1
Mr. Batson's Voluptuary, 4 yrs		2
Mr. Bond's f. by Reveller, out of Aline, 3 yrs		3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Voluptuary. The Reveller filly made steady running, Voluptuary following her to the top of the hill, where Hibiscus took second place. At the turn the filly declined, and Hibiscus went on with the lead, Voluptuary waiting half way up the distance, where she went up, and a severe race took place, the horse winning by a neck only, Many thought that had Nat been on Voluptuary instead of a boy, she would have won.

The *Croydon Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 200, &c. Mile and a quarter. Six subs.

Lord Chesterfield's *Davie Gellatley*, 3 yrs	Nat.	1
Mr J. Day's Oberon, aged		2
Mr. Rogers' Slender, 3 yrs		3
Mr. Wickham's Pincher, aged		4
Mr. James' Sister to Professor, by Wiseacre, 3 yrs		5

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Slender. Gimcrack was backed, but did not run.—Oberon made strong running, followed by Sister to Professor and Slender; after making at the turn Davie went alongside of Oberon, kept there half way up the distance, left him, and won cleverly by a length. The winner claimed.

The *Croydon Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; for 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The second horse to receive back his stake. The winner to be sold for 150 sovs., &c. Heats, one mile. Seven subscribers

Mr. Shelley's ch. h. *Reuben*, 5 yrs	Macdonald.	0	1	1
Mr. Lambden's ch. h. Blankney, 4 yrs		1	2	2
Mr. C. Stacey's br. f. by Medora, dam by Figaro, out of Cora, 4 yrs		2	3	dr
Mr. Lazar's b. m. Betsey, by Bedlamite, 6 yrs		0	4	dr
Lord Exeter's Brother to Hibiscus, 3 yrs		0	5	dr
Sir J. Dashwood's ch. f. by Bizarre, out of Sister to Aurora, 3 yrs		0	dr	
Mr. Sadler's b. f. Padronessa, 3 yrs		0	dr	

The first heat was beautifully contested between Blankney and Mr. Stacey's filly, and won by a neck only; the other two were won cleverly.

THE OAKS—FRIDAY, June 1.

The London papers of the 2d instant give the bare result only of the race for this important stake, sent them by Express. From papers of the previous day we learn that the following were expected to start:—

Duke of Grafton's Unique,	Lord Exeter's Mecca,
Lord Suffield's Callisto,	Col. Peel's Wave,
Mr. Forth's Sister to Marvel,	Mr. Greville's Morella,
——— The Soldier's Consort,	Mr. Bond's Sister to Glaucus,
Mr. Theobald's Sister to Camel,	Mr. Yilbrook's Sister to Venison,
Lord Chesterfield's Industry.	Mr. Mostyn's Brown Duchess.

The following would have started, but went amiss a few days previous to the race:—Lord Albemarle's Barcarolle, Mr. Batson's Vespertilio, Mr. E. Peel's Nimny, Sir. G. Heathcote's Lanarca, and Lord Jersey's Glenara.

Latest odds on the Course.	*Latest odds at Tattersall's.*
5 to 2 agst. Callisto.	3 to 1 agst Callisto (taken).
7 to 1 —— Industry (taken).	6 to 1 —— Industry (taken).
9 to 1 —— Brown Duchess.	9 to 1 —— Mecca (offered).
9 to 1 —— Mecca.	10 to 1 —— Sister to Marvel (offered).
10 to 1 —— Sister to Marvel (offered).	10 to 1 —— Brown Duchess (taken).
12 to 1 —— Unique.	12 to 1 —— Unique (offered).
13 to 1 —— Datura's dam (taken).	12 to 1 —— Datura's dam (offered).

The Race.—In the Second Editions of the London daily journals of the 2d inst., we find the annexed report:—

FRIDAY, June 1.—The *Oaks Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old fillies. Mile and a half. Other conditions as for the Derby. Ninety-eight subs.

Lord Chesterfield's *Industry*	1
Lord Suffield's *Callisto*	2

Won cleverly—thirteen started.

CHESTER RACES.

MONDAY, May 7, 1838—The *Trial Stakes* of 15 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Stand Committee; once round; four subs.

Mr E. Peel's gr. c. *Saul*, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb	G. Whitehouse.	1
Mr. Worthington's b. c. by Battledore, d. by Filho da Puta, 3 y. 6st. 4lb	Clarke	2
Lord Derby's b. f. Miss Bowe, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb	Lye	3
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Pammon, 4 yrs. 8st. 6lb	Templeman	4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Miss Bowe, and 5 to 2 agst. Saul. The latter took the lead to the ship yard at a very good pace, was then headed by Miss Bowe to the distance, where Saul shot out, and won easily by two lengths; the latter carried 5lb. over weight.

A *Produce Sweepstakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., colts 8st. 4lb., and fillies 8st.; two miles; 3lb. allowed to untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce have not won, but not to both; seven subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's b. or br. c. *Captain Pops*, by Priam, out of Valve (3lb.)	M. Jones.	1
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Piccotee, by Teniers, out of Mrs. Suggs	Darling.	2
Lord Westminster's b. f. by Pantaloon, out of Banter	Holmes.	3

Betting.—Even and 5 to 4 on Piccotee, 2 to 1 against Captain Pops, and 3 to 1 against the Pantaloon filly. Piccotee went off first at a moderate pace, but which she increased after the first half mile; three quarters of a mile from home Captain Pops passed the Banter filly, at the distance shot ahead of Piccotee, and won cleverly by a length. The Banter filly ran against and broke the post opposite the ship-yard, and consequently lost all chance of the race.

The *Tradesmens' Plate* of 200 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.; to start at the Castle pole, run twice round, and end at the coming-in chair; 2d horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes; 27 subs., 7 of whom declared.

Mr. T. Walter's br. h. *King Cole*, 3 yrs. 7st 8lb	Marlow.	1
Lord Eglinton's b. g. The Potentate, 6 yrs. 7st. 13lb	Lye	2
Mr. Mostyn's b. m. Birdlime, aged, 9st. 8lb	Darling.	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. J. O. Fairlie's br. g. Zohrab, aged, 8st 11lb. (Cartwright); Capt. Lamb's ch. c Chit-chat, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb. (Calloway); Mr. J. Allen's br. m. Vesper, 5 yrs. 7st. 5lb. (J. Gray); Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged, 8st. 10lb. (W. Lear); Gen. Yates's ch h. Sylvan, 6 yrs. 9st. 6lb. (Templeman); Mr. Fowler's br. m. Mersey, 5 yrs. 6st. 11lb. (Chapple); Mr. F. R. Price's br. h. Wentworth, 5 yrs. 8st. 3lb. (Holmes); Mr. Robinson's ch. h. Whaley 5 yrs 8st. 3lb. (S. Rogers); Lord Derby's ro. c. Parolles, 4 yrs. 7st. 11lb. (W. Boyce); Mr. B. Collett's br. c. Conservative, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb. (Wakefield); and Lord Milltown's ch. h. Fusileer, 5 yrs. 7st. 6lb. (Powell). Zohrab left Eglinton Park on Friday per van, via Glasgow, where he was shipped to Liverpool, and forwarded thence to the banks of the Dee, where he arrived on Sunday. Magician also travelled here by caravan from Northleash, but fell amiss the night before the race, and did not run. The betting was 4½ to 1 against Potentate, 4½ to 1 against Bird-

lime, 6 to 1 against Wentworth, 8 to 1 against Sylvan, 10 to 1 against Zohrab, and 12 to 1 against Mersey; 20 to 1 offered against the winner; at starting Birdlime had the call, and became first favorite. The lot got away at the first start, Parolles taking the lead, followed by Vesper and King Cole, the latter lying second from the ropes, inside; the ruck well up, save Birdlime, who waited in the rear. On reaching the distance-post at the end of the first round, Zohrab, Vesper, and King laid in front, and on the Dee side, coming home, Birdlime, who had been working her way through the ruck, went up with Sylvan. At the distance-post she was looking well, but King Cole immediately after obtained a decided lead and won easy by a length. The old mare was beaten two lengths. Sylvan, Zohrab, and Wentworth were well up. The Irish horse Fusileer brought up the rear. Marlow obtained great credit for his riding. Ran in four minutes and thirty-six seconds.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 50 added by the Stand Committee, for horses that never won before the day of entry for the Plates; heats, two miles; 3 yr. olds 6st. 12lb.—4, 8st. 2lb—5, 8st 8lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb.; mares allowed 2lb.; 11 subs.

Lord Warwick's b c. by Brutandorf, out of Melody, 3 yrs	Dodgson	1	1
Mr. Pursell's br. c. Late Bird, 3 yrs	G. Whitehouse.	0	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch c. by Bay Malton, 3 yrs	Cartwright	2	0
Mr. W. Patten's br. c. Percy, 3 yrs	Rometzreider	0	0
Mr. Tempest's ch. c. Pedlar, 3 yrs	W. Jones	0	0
Mr. T. Topham's ch. f. Bathany, 4 yrs	Darling	0	0
Mr. Wise's ch. c. Contentment, 3 yrs	Chapple	0	0
Capt. Lamb's ch. c. Metal, 4 yrs	Calloway	3	dr
Mr. Arrowsmith's ch. f. Margravine, 3 yrs	J. Gray	0	dr
Lord Eglinton's ch. c. Achilles, 3 yrs	Lye	0	dr
Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. Whirlwind (late Wind), 3 yrs	Neale	0	dr

TUESDAY, May 8—Her *Majesty's Plate* of 100 gs., for 3 yr. olds, 7st 2lb.—4, 9st. 2lb.—5, 10st.—6 and aged, 10st. 5lb. Twice round, rather more than three miles.

Mr Bradley's b. h. *Exorable*, 5 yrs	Owner	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catherina, aged	Lear	2
Mr. Cooke's br. h. Red Rover, aged	S. Darling	3
Mr. Bellis's br. h. Seventy Four, 5 yrs	Wadlow	4
Mr. Roylance's br. h. Master of the Rolls, 5 yrs	M. Jones	5
Mr. G. Dawson's ch. c. Aimwell, 3 yrs	Lye	6

Beting.—2 to 1 against Catharina, 3 to 1 against Red Rover, and 6 to 1 against the winner. Red Rover jumped off first, with the Master of the Rolls close in his quarters, and kept the lead for the first mile and a half, when Catherina went ahead, and made strong running to the distance in the last round, where Exorable joined her, ran a few strides with her, then came out, and won easily by a length. Red Rover ran a game horse, being in difficulties the last three quarters of a mile. Ran in six minutes and eleven seconds.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. Half a mile. Seven subs.

Sir F. Standley's b. c. *Apothecary*, by Physician	Templeman.	1
Mr. Mostyn's b. c. Papineau, by Emancipation, out of Archduchess	Darling	2
Mr. T. Walter's ch. c. Sir Mark, brother to Rococo	Marlow	3

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Papineau, 6 to 4 agst. Apothecary, and 3 to 1 agst. Sir Mark. Apothecary made the whole of the running, and won his race easily. Sir Mark was said to be amiss. Ran in 52 secs.

Sixty Guineas (clear), the gift of the Members for the City, for 3 yr. old colts, 6st. 8lb., and fillies, 6st. 6lb—4 yr. old colts, 8st 4lb., and fillies, 8st. 1 lb.; heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. E. Peel's gr. c. *Saul*, 3 yrs	G. Whitehouse.	1	1
Mr. James's b. c. Jim Crow, by Waverley, 4 yrs	J. Robinson	0	2
Mr. Arrowsmith's ch f. Margravine, 3 yrs	W. Jones	0	3
Mr. Marlow's ch. f. Fair Play, 3 yrs	Neale	2	0
Mr. Robert's b. f. Volusia, 3 yrs	J Gray	0	0
Sir T Stanley's gr. f. Violet, 4 yrs	Templeman	3	dr

Betting.—2 to 1 on Saul; scarcely anything else mentioned. The first heat was the prettiest race, so far, of the meeting. After two false starts they got off together, Violet leading at a smart bat, Margravine second, Saul third, Fairplay fourth, Volusia fifth, and Jim Crow saving his distance, not doing anything in the "jump about, twist about" line this time. At the Castle-pole the two greys were leading, and scoring the ground home, apparently nothing else likely to interfere with the pair, until within the distance, when Fairplay joined them, and the three made a beautiful race home, the grey colt winning cleverly by a long neck, Fairplay beating Violet about a head. In the second heat there was no variation in the odds on the favorite; but Fairplay was a little fancied at 3 and 4 to 1. Margrave jumped off with the lead, Jim Crow on her haunches, and Saul lying in the middle of the five. At the ship-yard Jim took the business in his own hands, and improved the pace; but at the two-year-old post he was joined by Margrave and Saul. The latter went ahead at the Castle-pole, winning very easy, being well run in by Jim Crow.

WEDNESDAY, May 9—The *Dee Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds; Derby weights. To start at the Castle-pole, go once round, and finish at the Coming-in-chair. Five subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. *Sir Ralph* by Pantaloon, out of Basilisk	Holmes	1
Lord Derby's ch. c. Ole Bull, by Taurus, out of Miss Clifton	Lye	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Tramp or St. Nicholas, out of Neva	Templeman	3
Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. Zillah, by Reveller, out of Morisca	M. Jones	4

Betting: 6 to 5 agst. Sir Ralph, 5 to 2 agst. Zillah, and 3 to 1 agst. Ole Bull.—Ole Bull took the lead, with Sir Ralph close up, who when let out by Holmes, came home an easy winner.

The *Stand Cup*, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; twice round and a distance; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lbs—6 and aged 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 2lb.; a winner of the value of 100 sovs., in either plate or specie, once, to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., and thrice 7lb. extra; eight subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Birdlime*, aged	Darling	walked over.

A *Purse*, value 60 sovs. (in lieu of the Annual City Plate) the gift of a portion of the Town Council and its officers, who are anxious to promote the interests of the City of Chester—3 yr olds to carry 6st. 7lb—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 2lb.—mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The owner of the 2d horse to receive 10 sovs. out of the Purse Heats, one mile and a half. Three to start or no race.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *Gadfly*, 3 yrs	G Whitehouse.	1	1
Mr. Bradley's b. h Exorable, 5 yrs	Owner	2	2
Mr. Wise's ch. c. Contentment, 3 yrs	J. Gray	3	dr

The betting was confined between Gadfly and Exorable, as Contentment was merely started to make a race. The colt was taken for choice. The first heat Exorable took the lead at a moderate pace, closely followed by Gadfly: not much variation took place in any part of the race. The run in was smart, the colt winning tolerably clever by a length. For the second heat 2 to 1 was offered on the colt. Exorable led at a strong pace, with the colt on his quarters. They kept company all the way without any apparent advantage. At the distance the colt was let loose, and won by three lengths very easy.

THURSDAY, May 10—The *Marquess of Westminster's Plate*, value 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; thrice round the course; 3 yr. olds a feather—4, 8st—5, 9st.—6 and aged, 9st. 4lb. Three to start, or the money will not be given.

Capt Lamb's ch c. *Chit Chat*, 4 yrs	Marlow	1
Mr. J. O Fairlie's ch. c. Abraham Newland, 4 yrs	Lye	2
Mr. J. O Fairlie's br. g Zohrab, aged	Cartwright	3

This event was booked so sure, that 4 and 5 to 1 was laid on Abraham Newland. Chit Chat took the lead at a strong pace, and was never headed. At the distance Abraham tried to come up, but in vain. A slashing race home ensued, whip-cord being in requisition by both parties, Chit Chat winning by a neck. Capt. Fairlie declared to win with Abraham.

The *Brereton Castle Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Gentlemen of Cheshire and the Principality; one mile and a half; three to start or no race.

Mr. Duncalf's b. c. *Drone*, 3 yrs 6st 10lb	W. Jones	1
Lord Eglinton's b g The Potentate, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb	Lye	2
Mr. E. Peel's ch c Gadfly, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb	Rometzreider	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Collett's Conservative, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb. (Wakefield); Mr. F. R. Price's Ludford 6 yrs. 8st. 8lb. (M Jones); Sir T. Stanley's Violet, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb. (Cartwright); and Mr. Phillips' Harlequin, 5 yrs. 7st. 13lb. (Marlow). Betting.—20 to 10 on the field; 2 to 1 against Ludford, and 10 to 1 against Gadfly. Ludford led, followed closely by Drone and Gadfly; Potentate last. Not much change till half a mile from home, when Potentate came up, and Ludford declined, dead beat. The three made a good race home, Drone winning by a neck.

FRIDAY, May 11—The *Palatine Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st 7lb fillies 8st 2 lb. Five subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. *Sir Ralph*, by Pantaloon, (3lb)	walked over.	

The *Cheshire Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the citizens of Chester 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c.; two miles; the 2d horse to receive back his stake; 11 subs, two of whom declared.

Mr J. O. Fairlie's br. g. *Zohrab*, aged, 8st. 11lb	Cartwright	1
Mr. T. Walter's br. h. King Cole 5 yrs 7st. 7lb	Marlow	2
Mr. Fowler's br. m. Mersey, 5 yrs. 6st. 10lb	Bemetzreider	3

Betting: 2 to 1 on King Cole against the field. King Cole took the lead, maintained it to the Castle-pole, where Zohrab came up, and won his race cleverly.

The *Roodee Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Stand Committee, for 3 yr. olds that have run during the week; to start at the Two-year-old Post, go once round, and in; six subs.

Lord Derby's ch. c. *Ole Bull*, 8st. 6lb	M. Jones	1
Lord Eglinton's ch. c. Achilles, 7st 4lb	Lye	2
Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. Whirlwind, 6st. 6lb	Neale	3
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Tramp or St. Nicholas, 8st. 3lb	Templeman	4
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. Piccotee, 8st	Darling	fell

Betting: 2 to 1 agst. Achilles, and 5 to 2 agst. Ole Bull. Ole Bull commenced the running, Stanley's colt taking it from him at the workhouse-turn, but he was again re-passed by the winner half a mile from home, who continued his lead to the end. Piccotee looked like a winner, but the fall threw her out.

The *Wirral Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Gentlemen of Wirral, for 2 and 3 yr. olds; 3 yr. olds to carry 9st., and 2 yr. olds 6st 12 lb; mares and geldings allowed 2lb. Three quarters of a mile. The second horse to receive back his stake. Seven subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. *Captain Pops*, 3 yrs	M. Jones	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Gasparoni, 3 yrs	Templeman.	2
Mr. Denham's b. c. Compensation, 3 yrs	Darling	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Worthington's b. c by Battledore, 3 yrs (Holmes); Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Piccotee, 3 yrs. (Marlow); and Lord Derby's ch. f. Rodora, by Felt, 3 yrs. (Lye). Betting.—5 to 4 on the field, 6 to 4 against Compensation, 3 to 1 against Captain Pops, 5 to 2 against Gasparoni, and 4 to 1 against Mr. Worthington's colt. After two false starts, Pops went off, kept the lead at a very great pace, was never headed, and won a fine race by a neck. Compensation was only beaten a head from the second.

The *Ladies' Purse*, value 50*l.*, to be run for by horses beaten during the week; the best of heats, twice round the course to a heat, to start at the coming-in chair; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 9lb.—6 and aged, 8st 12lb; mares and geldings allowed 2lb.; a winner of one 50*l.* clear to carry 2lb. extra, of two 5 lb., and three or more 8lb.; 2d horse to receive 10*l.*

Mr. G. Dawson's ch. c. *Aimwell*, 3 yrs	Lye	3	1	1
Mr. F. R Price's br. h. Wentworth, 5 yrs	Holmes	1	2	2
Mr. James's b. c. Jim Crow, 4 yrs	J. Robinson	2	3	dr

With this race the sports of as fine a week as ever was known concluded, the company being much more numerous than on any former occasion; in fact, a more brilliant meeting we never witnessed. At starting Wentworth was the favorite; after the first heat he was freely backed against the field; Aimwell, however, came out near home, and won a severe race by half a neck. For the third heat Aimwell had the call, and won cleverly. Wentworth carried 8lbs. extra for former winnings, and Aimwell 5lbs.

Bell's Life in London.

MANCHESTER, Friday Noon, May 18.

As certain as that the ministers are whipping the Tories, and "the divisions" come off "crabs" to them, so certain is it that the result of the Chester Cup is ill suited to the books of the backers of horses, and the same as assuredly has cast a gloom over this market. The settling, so far as it has yet gone, cannot be called a good one, we scarcely think there could have been a worse horse for the little men, nay, indeed, for middle men also. One gentleman backed no less than thirteen horses, *sans* King Cole. We trust, however, that the losers will have their day over the Derby, and make *a la* Lye, no "mistake," but *go in and win*. This week many of our game-paced turf gents have been on the banks of the Mersey, with what success we do not pretend to know. Speaking briefly of the business done here during the week upon the Aintree events, we have to notice a continuance of that partiality for Birdlime which seems to have no end. Her being placed third for the Dee race, was considered quite good enough to beat so short a field of horses as was known to be at Aintree. Weight, however, *will* tell, and surely the followers of the game-running mare will see the folly of making her ever and anon the *crack*. They carried her 6 to 4, 7 being snapped eagerly on the running of the race; the gelding was at 7 to 2, in some instances 3 to 1 was taken; 9 to 2 and 5 to 1 against Heron, and 5 to 1 on Chat, but there was a very lukewarm market. On the previous night Heron was freely backed at 5 to 1, and at evens against Chat. The "mechanical power" appeared to us to work this change. The result of the race shews the party no flats; Birdlime or Heron must win, was their "tip." The northern party, and their sanguine followers in these regions of chimnies, will drop it handsomely over this flying brother to Van—they laid it on thick and thin, and a pretty figure he cut; the result was known at half past six, and the faces of the Birdlime gents and the Vanites may be conjectured, but not described—"done again" by an Heron.

The Hedgeford division crowned again with laurel. The party, we guess, will have put the "big pot" on—assuredly the geldings did. Yesterday the Apothecary all "the rage," offers to lay 5 to 4 on him, some few takers at 6. Sir Ralph "the go" for the Leger; the decisions shew "all right" for the backers of the two. We are really much pleased to find the worthy baronet of Hooten with such "a trump" in his stable as this Apothecary—he's "a clipper," and no mistake.

Letter in the Sunday Times.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

The near approach of the Derby—the lack of attraction in the list races—the calls of senatorial duty—and the gorgeous entertainments in royal halls, occasioned this meeting to be very thinly attended. On Monday night about half a dozen visitors, at the most, had arrived, and the town seemed as dull and melancholy "as an old cat in the mumps."

The weather was fine, but very cold—the Heath hard and dusty, but as smooth as a bowling-green. The visitors, though few, were some of the best. Amongst them were Lords Exeter, Jersey, Chesterfield, and Osborne; Colonels Udney and Copeland; Capt. Higgins; Messrs. C. Wilson, Greville, Payne, Sowerby, Thornhill, Portman, Irby, Elwes, Hawker, Worrall, Crommelin, Hunter, and Newton.

The racing commenced at two o'clock on Tuesday, May 15, with

A *Match*, 150 h. ft. D.M.—Duke of Richmond's *Hooghley* (S. Rogers), 7st., beat Lord Chesterfield's Edgar (Nat). 9st.

Betting: 5 to 4 on Edgar. Edgar made all the running at his best pace till within the last 20 yards from home, where the young 'un went up, and after a slight set-to, won cleverly by a neck.

Fifty Pounds for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. R.M.

Col. Peel's *Paganini*	Pavis	1
Mr. Ford's Quo Minus	E. Edwards.	2
Lord Lichfield's Tableau	G Edwards.	3
Mr. Rogers' br. c. by Picton, out of Eel	S. Rogers.	4
Mr. Sowerby's Caligula	Robinson	5
Lord Orford's b. c. by Flexible	Nat	6
Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Cain	Conelly	7
Lord Suffield's Bamboo	———	dr
Col. Peel's St. Vitus	———	dr

Betting opened at 6 to 4 against Paganini, and closed at evens—15 to 6 against Quo Minus, 3 to 1 against Caligula, and 4 to 1 against the Frolicksome filly. All got off well together, Paganini being on the whip-hand side, Quo Minus next to him, Caligula third, Tableau in the middle, Eel colt next, and the Chapeau de Paille colt and Frolicksome filly completing the line. Tableau took up the running as far as the T. Y. C. winning-post, where Paganini began to strike up a merrier tune, and soon became leader of the band. At the top of the hill a regular split took place, and tailing commenced. Paganini's quick playing had put all out but Quo Minus; Tableau looked the picture of trouble, the Frolicksome lass found there was no fun in it, and Eel slipped off for a place by Caligula. From the Abingdon Mile Bottom Quo Minus "rasped" after Paggy as fast as he could; but on coming before the Judge, it was decided that he was still "minus," being behind the "leader" by a length.

Match, 200, h. ft. D.M.—Lord Lichfield's *The Carpenter* (G. Edwards), 9st. 1 lb., beat Mr. W. S. Stanley's Rat-trap (Robinson), 8st. 5lb.

Betting: 5 to 1 on Rat-trap. The Carpenter went off with the running, and at the T.Y.C. winning post had evidently *a deal* the best of it. Robinson made an attempt to pass, but Rat-trap hung his ears, and showed that it wasn't to be done. The Carpenter then kept steadily on at his work, and at the finish of it won by a length.

What a surprise! One day Rat-trap beat Caravan and Troilus, afterwards Caravan and Troilus beat The Carpenter, Rat-trap again beats Caravan, and "presto, change!" up comes The Carpenter and beats Rat-trap. Here's in and out work enough to puzzle a conjuror.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards. D.M.

Lord Exeter's *Elf*, 3 yrs. 6st 5lb	R. Pettit	1
Mr. R Boyce's Rint, 3 yrs. 6st	Cotton	2
Mr. Newton's Vicuna, 3 yrs. 7st	S. Rogers.	3
Mr. Sowerby's Ruby, 4 yrs 8st 11lb	Robinson	4
Col. Peel's St Vitus, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb	Pavis	5

Betting.—3 to 1 against Elf, 7 to 2 against Rint, 7 to 2 against Vicuna, 6 to 1 against Ruby, and 4 to 1 against St. Vitus. Rint made the running at a moderate pace till within a quarter of a mile from home, when he resigned it in favor of Ruby. Elf, Vicuna, and St. Vitus immediately went to work to take it away from him. On entering the ropes Ruby and St. Vitus dropped astern, Elf launched out, sailed ahead, and won by a length. Well ridden by young Pettit.

Match, 100, h. ft. T.Y.C.—Col. Peel's *St. Vitus*, 7st. 5lb., received from Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, 8st. 2lb.

WEDNESDAY, May 17.

The list on the previous day promised us two races, a Handicap Plate of £50, and a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; but the former only could be got up, and even that was so poor an affair that to record it is merely "to chronicle small beer."

A few additional arrivals strengthened the muster before the rooms, but business continued exceedingly flat. There was, however, a new move made with regard to Phœnix. On putting him into the scale of prices this morning, a *strange deficiency of weight was detected*. It was therefore required that the Cetus gelding should be "thrown in" as a "supplement." After which betting commenced at 5 to 1 against THE TWO. The Grey was in force at 4 to 1, and Ion was looking up in the market at 9 to 1.

At one o'clock the following horses were put up for sale by Messrs. Tattersall, and were sold at the prices affixed:—

1. Brown Mare, 6 years old, by Oscar	50	guineas.
2. Bay Filly, one year old, by Taurus	8 "	(sold).
3. Tivoli, 3 years old, by Partisan	70 "	(sold).

THE ONE RACE—O tempora!—was decided at 3 o'clock, as follows:—

Handicap Plate of 50*l.*, for 3, 4, 5, and 6 yr. olds, and aged horses; A.F.

Mr. Thornhill's *Mendizabal*, 5 yrs 8st. 8lb	Conelly	1
Lord Exeter's Hibiscus, 4 yrs. 8st 8lb	S. Mann	2
Duke of Richmond's Hoogley, 3 yrs 6st. 7lb	W Day	3
Col. Peel's Mr. Waggs, 5 yrs 9st. 2lb	Pavis	4
Mr. Berrington's c. Engraver, 3 yrs. 5st. 12lb. (carried 6st 4lb).	Pettit	5
Mr. W H Wilson's ch. f., 4 yrs 7st 4lb	W Boyce.	6
Mr. Greville's Hilda, 3 yrs 6st 2lb	Cotton	7

Betting.—5 to 2 against Mendizabal, 6 to 1 against Hibiscus, 4 to 1 against Hoogley, and 5 to 1 against Oscar filly. At starting Hoogley and Oscar filly took up the centre, Hibiscus and Mendizabal formed the left wing, and Mr. Waggs and Engraver the right. The Oscar filly made an effort for the running, but Hoogley, Hibiscus, and Hilda seemed to think it too good a thing, so they took it to themselves, and away they went with it as if they were playing at "a lug and a bite." When they arrived at the bushes Hilda began to decline, and Hibiscus burst away from Hoogley, but Mendizabal was quietly waiting for a turn, and after a few strides further he shot ahead, sailed steadily on, and won by four lengths; Hibiscus second, Hoogley and Mr. Waggs lying wide, third and fourth, and Engraver Oscar filly, and Hilda a beautiful tail.

THURSDAY, May 18.

To wind up the meeting, we were favored with four races—smartish things of the kind, and affording a few lines to work by.

Before ten o'clock in the morning a report ran like wildfire through the town that Phœnix was amiss—that he had galloped in company with Menas and the Cetus gelding, and had coughed once or twice on being pulled up—that the gelding also had "shown him up" in the gallop, and taken "a deal of the shine" out of him. Other alarms were also in the "field," but, as Hamlet says, "we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us." It is most certain that an extraordinary sensation was created by the report, and that amidst the confusion of tongues, 10 to 1 and 11 to 1 were more than once laid against him. Our Friday's bulletin will, however, set our readers right, and enable them to judge whether his chance is out or not. Grey Momus was backed for two hundred pounds at 4 to 1, and Ion found friends at 9 to 1.

At twelve o'clock the racing commenced with—

The *Jockey Club Plate* of 50*l.*; 4 yr. olds 7st. 2lb.—5, 8st. 3lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 9lb. B.C.

Mr Thornhill's *Mendizabal*, 5 yrs	Conelly	1
Lord Exeter's Velure, 4 yrs	S Mann	2

Betting: 7 to 4 on the mare—backed freely. Mendizabal made the running for the first mile; Velure then took it up, and carried it on as far as the Duke's Stand, where Mendizabal headed her again, went easily on, and won by four lengths.

Fifty Pounds, for 3 year olds, 6st. 2lb—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 12lb. T.M.M.

Mr. G. Hennesey's b. g. *Bravo*, 5 yrs	G. Edwards.	1
Mr. Rogers' Guardsman, 3 yrs	W. Day	2
Lord Lichfield's H. B., 3 yrs	Doe	3
Lord Exeter's f. by Reigauntlet, 3 yrs	Pettit	4
Mr. Pettit's Anne Boleyn, 3 yrs	Lad	5
Lord Suffield's Rint, 3 yrs	W. Cotton	6
Mr. Berrington's Engraver, 3 yrs	Lad (broke his leg).	

Betting.—3 to 1 against Bravo, 5 to 1 against Guardsman, 5 to 1 against Anne Boleyn, 4 to 1 against Rint, and 4 to 1 against H. B. The lot got off well together. Bravo took up the running at a strong pace, was never headed, and won by a length. Guardsman fought well, and is sure to obtain preferment; it was a good trial of his prowess. About the end of the first mile Engraver had the misfortune to fracture the "os suffraginis" of the near hind leg, and the poor animal ran on three legs for more than 200 yards before the lad who rode him was aware of the accident and pulled up. Fortunately the lad escaped without injury.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards.

Col. Peel's *Mr. Waggs*, 5 yrs. 8st. 10lb	Nat	1
Mr. Houldsworth's c. by Sultan, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb	W. Day	2
Mr. Greville's Hilda, 3 yrs. 5st. 8lb	W. Cotton	3

The following started, but were not placed:—

Mr. Sowerby's St Luke, 5 yrs. 9st. 2lb	Robinson	0
Lord Exeter's Hibiscus, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb	Conelly	0
Col Peel's Wave 3 yrs. 7st	Pavis	0
Duke of Richmond's Hoogley, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb	W. Howlett	0
Mr Newton's Vicuna 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb	Pettit	0
Duke of Rutland's f. by Hawker, dam by Pan, 3 yrs 6st	Lad	0
Lord Stradbroke's Redcar, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb		pd.
Lord Exeter's Elf, 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb		pd.

Betting.—4 to 1 against Vicuna, 5 to 1 against Wave, 5 to 1 against Hoogley, 5 to 1 against Hawker filly, 6 to 1 against Torelli colt, and 20 to 3 against Hilda. After a little mistake, a good start was effected. Hibiscus went off with the running, followed by Vicuna and Torelli colt, Waggs lying about half a length from Hibiscus. At the ropes the whole lot went to work in good earnest, and positions were quickly changed. Torelli colt, Hilda, St. Luke, and Mr. Waggs, took close order in front with Hibiscus. A smart contest ensued; Hibiscus and St. Luke soon found themselves in the second rank; Mr. Waggs rushed onwards for the palm, which he gallantly obtained by a length.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. T.Y.C.

Lord Suffield's f. *Alms*	Pavis	1
Mr Sowerby's f. Barmaid	Robinson	2
Mr. Carter's b. c. Brabant	Nat	3

As to the betting—

Not a ring was formed—not a bet was made,
But: one to the stables hurried,
Whilst others around the "Engraver" stay'd,
And wished the poor animal buried!

Alms made all the running—was never headed, and won by a length.

London Sunday Times.

LIVERPOOL CRAVEN MEETING.

The Liverpool Spring Meeting commenced on Wednesday May 16, with auspicious weather. At an early hour the road to Aintree presented the usual motley groups wending their way to the attractive spot, and, as the appointed hour approached, from the slap-up four-in-hand to the latest fashioned cabriolet, vehicles of all descriptions, including of course Lawrence's out-and-out spick-and-span new omnibuses, with civil and attentive Jehus, bore their human cargoes hence to participate in the day's amusement.

The grand stand commands an extensive view of the pleasing panorama. Many ladies graced the front of the first story, and amongst the noblemen and gentlemen who were present we observed Lord Molyneux, Sir H. Bold Hoghton, Sir Thomas Stanley, Charles Stanley, Hon. Mr. Fitzroy, Hon. E. Stanley, the Hon. E. M. Lloyd Mostyn, F. R. Price, Esq., Capt. Vaughan, Rev. Griffith Lloyd, T. W. Giffard, Esq., W. Giffard, Esq., Kenrick Lloyd, Esq., Captain White, Mr. Chalton, Captain Lamb, Mr. Dawson, Mr. M'Donough, Edward Littledale, Esq., — Holyoake, Esq., Patteson Ellames, Esq., John Taylor, Esq., Coed-du, Henry Potts, Esq., Chester, — Collett, Esq., — Hawkes, Esq., Wm. Earle, jun., Esq., J. Rigby, Esq., Holywell, Edmund Hornby, Esq., &c. &c. The other stands were crowded to their highest point, and the grounds also bore their wonted numbers, who had the usual sources of gratification besides those of the turf. The day's sport commenced with—

The *Aintree Stakes* of 15 sovs each, 10 sovs. ft., with 20 sovs. added from the Racing Fund, 3 year olds, 6st. 4 lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Once round.

Lord Eglinton's b g. *The Potentate*, 6 yrs	T. Lye	1
Lord Derby's b. f. Miss Bowe, 4 yrs	M. Jones.	2

Betting: 3 to 1 on The Potentate, who took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.

A *Sweepstakes* of 10 sovs. each, for the produce of mares covered in 1835, colts 8st. 4lb., fillies 8st.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb. T.Y.C. Six subs.

Mr Dawson's br. f by Jerry, out of Prodigious	T Lye	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Rowton, out of Blue Bell (3lb.)	Templeman.	2

Betting: 5 to 4 on the colt—The filly made all the play, was never headed, and won in a canter.

The *Tradesmens' Cup*, value 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared on or before the 1st of March, 1838; the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. Two miles. Twenty subs., five of whom declared.

Mr. Fowler's br. c. *Heron*, 5 yrs. 8st. 3lb.	Calloway.	1
Capt. Lamb's Chit Chat, 4 yrs. 8st.	Marlow	2
Hon E. M Ll. Mostyn's Birdlime, aged, 9st. 7lb.	Darling	3
Major Healy's ch. g. Brother to Van, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb.	Barker	4
Lord Derby's ro c. Parolles, 4 yrs 7st. 2lb.	T. Lye	5

5 to 4 agst. Birdlime, 3 to 1 agst. Heron, 4 to 1 agst. Brother to Van, 6 to 1 agst. Chat, 12 to 1 agst. Parolles, and 15 to 1 in running. Parolles had few friends, but the rest met with support at the prices mentioned. The horses got off without a false start, but the mare's fretfulness, as at Chester, threw her in the rear. Chat showed in front as they passed the stand at a slow pace, Heron second, Parolles third, Brother to Van fourth, and the mare still last, but pulling violently. In this order they ran along the off flat, until near the bridge, when they took closer order, and the pace became stronger; the mare then began to work herself forward, assuming the third place, and Parolles became whipper-in. From thence the pace increased, and Parolles' chance was bowled out at the last turn home, for he was unable to live with them. The four ran well together, and Darling at the distance struggled for the front rank, but the mare's superior weight told against her, and she could at most maintain the third place, Heron winning cleverly by a couple of lengths, the mare remaining the same distance behind Chat. Brother to Van, we were afterwards informed, broke down in running near home. He was taken away "lame."

A *Maiden Plate*, value 50 sovs., from the Racing Fund, for all ages that have never won 50*l.* before the day of entry; heats, once round and a distance; 3 yr. olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st 7lb.—6 and aged, 8st. 10lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.

Mr. R. Pursell's br. c. *Latebird*, 3 yrs	G Whitehouse.	0	1	1
Mr. Chaloner's b. c. St. Leonard, 3 yrs	Cartwright	3	0	2
Lord Stanley's ch. f. Rodora, 3 yrs	Neale	1	2	dr
Mr. Lacy's b. c. Van, 3 yrs	Dodgson	2	3	dr
Lord Eglinton's ch. c. Achilles, 3 yrs	Lye	0	0	dr

First heat: 6 to 4 agst. Latebird, 3 to 1 agst. Rodora, and 3 to 1 agst. any other. Rodora led at starting, St. Leonard second, and Van third; Latebird and Achilles waiting for the heat. At the first turn after passing the stand Rodora made an attempt to bolt, and lost about twenty lengths in the attempt, but Neale recovered the lost ground ere they had passed the bridge, before turning to come home. The race home was an exceedingly pretty one, St. Leonard and Van running neck and neck, with Rodora on their haunches, until they neared the winning-post, when Rodora made a rush in, and won cleverly by a neck—the second place being won by half a head only.

Second heat: 5 to 4 against Latebird, and 2 to 1 agst. Rodora. Nothing else named. Latebird lead, Rodora being held with difficulty in the second place, and Van and Achilles close up; St. Leonard waited. From the distance the four ran

a pretty race to the stand, but Whitehouse won in his usual clever style by a length—having never been headed. Van was two lengths behind.

Third heat: Latebird and St. Leonard had the field to themselves, and the odds were the Custom-house to a China orange. Latebird took the lead and kept it, winning without difficulty.

THURSDAY, May 17.—The sports of this popular meeting recommenced to-day with almost renewed vigor. The weather was fine, and although the attendance of spectators was not quite so great as on the previous day, the show of sportsmen from various parts of the country was superior. The fashionables too of "the good old times" mustered in considerable numbers to grace the course with their presence. In addition to the local aristocracy and the strangers enumerated in our account of the first day, there was Lord Stanley, who had managed to escape from the fatigues of Legislative duties to an arena where there was no division. His Lordship looked exceedingly well, and there were no lovers of English sports, of which the Derby family have ever been and still remain, most distinguished parties, that did not hail his presence with delight. The whole arrangements of the course, and everything appertaining thereto, was as excellent as might be anticipated from those acquainted with the parties who have the management thereof. Dinners and wines were first-rate at Lynn's and Towers's, and ample justice was done to the substantials at both places.

The race which excited the most interest was the contest for the Craven Stakes, for which Apothecary was the decided favorite, nothing else being fancied. Some little disappointment was felt at the walk-over for the Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, but this was amply repaid by the excellent race for the St. Leger. The first contest commenced with that for

The *Craven Stakes* for 2 yr. olds, a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 30 added from the Racing Fund; 13 subs. T.Y.C.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Apothecary*	Templeman.	1
Mr. E. Peel's br. c. The Dean	M Edwards.	2
Lord Derby's b. c. Charlatan	Wakefield...	3
Mr. F. R. Price's br. f The Lady Abbess	M. Jones....	4
Hon. E. M. L Mostyn's b. c Papineau	Darling	5
Mr. Gifford's ch. c. Coryphœus	Lear.....	6
Lord Eglinton's b. c Uriah	Lye.....	7

The betting previous to starting was 5 to 4 on Apothecary, 3 to 1 agst. The Dean, and 7 to 1 agst. Coryphœus. There was, rather singularly, a good start the first time. The pace was good—the struggle short. Apothecary came in winner by a length, followed by The Dean, Charlatan 3d.

The *Spring St. Leger*, a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Racing Fund; one mile and three quarters; the 2d horse to save his stake; 5 subs.

Lord Westminster's ch. c. *Sir Ralph*	Holmes....	1
Mr. Wilkin's b or br. c. Wee Willie	Lye.....	2
Mr. Fowler's ch. c Gilbert Gurney	Calloway...	3
Mr. Ogden's br. c Harpurhey	Edwards...	4

The betting was chiefly on Sir Ralph. The Wee Willy was a favorite, and stood 5 to 4 agst. Sir Ralph, 5 to 2 agst. Wee Willy, 5 to 2 agst. Harpurhey, and 5 to 1 agst. Gilbert Gurney, all taken. At starting Sir Ralph took the lead, followed by Gilbert Gurney, and for the first half mile the pace was nothing but a canter, every horse holding back. On turning the corner near the winning-post the pace was increased, and Gilbert Gurney shot ahead and took the lead, followed by Sir Ralph, the others behind. This order was kept up round the course, the pace getting very severe, till the horses arrived at the straight distance, when all came up in a cluster, the race beautiful. Gilbert Gurney tried hard to maintain his advantage, but it was "no go." Like Cæsar's celebrated bulletin, "veni vidi vici," Sir Ralph came up, challenged, and won. The race was a very good one, Sir Ralph winning by nearly a length, followed by Wee Willy, Gilbert Gurney third, and Harpurhey last.

The next was a race for a *Sweepstakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1834; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; one mile and a distance; 3lb. allowed to those got by untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce never won.

This was walked over by Lord Westminster's b. f. Pantaloon.

A *Sweepstakes* of 5 sovs. each, 30 sovs. added from the Racing Fund; 3 yr. olds, 6st 10lb.—4, 8st. 2lb.—5, 8st 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Heats, once round.

Lord Eglinton's b. g. *The Potentate*, 6 yrs	Lye....	1	1
Mr. Lacey's b. h. Capulet, 4 yrs	Frost ..	3	2
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Ole Bull, 3 yrs	Neale..	2	dr

The betting on the first heat was 3 to 2 on Potentate. On the race 2 to 1 on Potentate; 4 to 1 agst. Lord Stanley; 5 to 1 agst. Capulet. The first heat Potentate won easily, followed by Old Bull, and Capulet last. For the second heat Potentate and Capulet only started. Capulet started at a tremendous pace, and kept his advantage to near the winning-post, when Potentate passed him cleverly, and won the race. This concluded the day's sport.

FRIDAY, May 18.—The course to-day presented a gay appearance, and notwithstanding a few heavy showers of rain which fell in the early part of the morning, the attendance was as numerous as yesterday. The sports, however, did not excite that interest which might have been expected, in consequence of the smallness of the field. Upon the first race a good deal of betting took place at the sporting-houses last night, and upon the course to-day, Gasparoni being freely backed at 2 to 1 and 5 to 2. Wee Willie won cleverly, and was beautifully ridden by Lye. Heron, in consequence of his performances on Wednesday, in taking the Cup, was the decided favorite for the Free Handicap. The contest on which there was the most betting was for the Waterloo Cup, between Mr. Fairlie's Zohrab and Captain Lamb's Chit Chat. 6 and 7 to 4 was laid on Zohrab in the morning, and 2 to 1 on starting. The old one took the lead, and was never headed, although a smart push was made by Marlow, on Chit Chat, in coming in. Previous to the start for the Free Handicap the odds were 7 and 8 to 1 on Heron. It was a very well contested race, so good indeed that no one upon the stand could ascertain which had won. It was given in favor of Heron by half a neck. On coming home the odds changed in favor of Argante.

There was no race for the Plate. The following is a return:—

A *Sweepstakes* of 20 sovs each, with 20 sovs. added; 2 yr. olds, 6st. 8lb.—3, 8st. 10lb.; fillies allowed 3lb.; T Y C.; 3 subs.

Mr. Wilkin's br c. *Wee Willie*, 3 yrs	Lye.....	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Gasparoni, 3 yrs	Templeman..	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Gasparoni.

A *Sweepstakes* of 50 sovs. each, for foals of 1835; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb, both 5lb. One mile and a distance. Five subs.

Sir J Boswell's b c. *Constantine*	Lye.....	1
Lord Westminster's b. f by Pantaloon out of Banter	Templeman..	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Constantine.

The *Waterloo Cup*, value 100 sovs., in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; weights to be declared on Thursday morning in the race week; once round and a distance; 10 subs

Mr. J. O. Fairlie's b g. *Zohrab*, aged, 8st. 12lb	Holmes..	1
Capt. Lamb's Chit Chat, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb	Marlow..	2

Betting: 2 to 1 on Zohrab.

A *Free Handicap Stake* of 20 sovs each, h. ft., for all ages. One mile and a quarter. Four subs

Mr. Fowler's br. c. *Heron*, 5 yrs. 8st. 1lb	Lye.	1
Lord Stanley's b c. Argante, 4 yrs. 7st. 11lb		2

Betting: 7 to 1 on Heron. Bell's Life in London.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Monday the 7th inst., Mr. G. Mason, bookbinder, Pontefract, caught in the Aire and Calder, near Ferrybridge, a large pike which weighed 18lbs., with a green drake fly; also, chub, dace, perch, and other fish, amounting altogether to 42, in the space of two hours and a half.

GREAT RAQUET MATCH.—The third deposit for the match between Pittman and Lumb was made good in the presence of a strong muster of the friends of the manly game of Raquets, at Peter Crawley's, on Thursday evening. The fourth deposit is to be made on Thursday evening next, at Jem Burn's.

QUOITS.—John Harwood, of Staley Bridge, will quoit any man in England, distance eighteen yards, on hard ground, neither pair of quoits to exceed eight inches across, for £10, £20, or £30.

THE GRAND PIGEON MATCH AT THE RED HOUSE.—The match for 200 sovs., between Messrs. W——m and P——ll, will come off at the Red House Inclosure, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 24th, 25th, and 26th instants, being in the week before Epsom Races. The gents are to shoot at 300 birds, viz., 50 each per day; and as both are considered most excellent shots, the betting is about even, Mr. W. for choice.

Mr. T. R. Hyde, of Cambridge accepts the challenge of Mr. Groom, contained in our paper of Sunday, April 29th, on the following terms, viz., at 21 birds at 20 yards rise, to fall within 60 yards of the trap, for 20 guineas.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On Monday evening, Mr. Adam Nix, who weighs 13 stone, undertook, for a bet of £10, to drive his mule, only 11 hands high, a mile in 3½ minutes. The match came off on the Loughborough road, from the third to the second mile stone. A great number of persons attended; but little or no betting took place, and the mule performed its task, without whip, in three minutes and 12½ seconds—thus winning easily, 17½ seconds within the time. The vehicle drawn was of a very light structure, being a twigen-bodied gig.

Nottingham Review.

ANGLING.—Several instances have recently occurred of salmon having been taken weighing from five to eight pounds in weight. Mr. Stephen Pritchard, the veteran angler, of Builth, caught no less than eight of the above size on Friday last; and it may be mentioned as rather an extraordinary circumstance in the annals of angling, that on Wednesday se'nnight, Capt. Tidy, of the 14th, now quartered in Brecon, caught in the Wye, near Builth, with salmon fly, a very fine pike, weighing ten pounds. Carnarvon Herald.

Fuller is willing to walk Mountjoy sixty miles for £100 a-side, and will be at Spring's, on Wednesday evening next, to make a deposit.

THE SPORTSMAN'S STUDY.

Amongst the numerous and varied pictoral embellishments which we have had the honor of presenting to our readers through a series of years, we may observe that they have hitherto consisted of "*out-door scenes*" exclusively, being chiefly confined to the fascinating sports of hunting, shooting, fishing, or subjects immediately connected with those amusements. We have therefore, upon the present occasion, thought proper to change the *scene*, and this month present our subscribers with a portrait of the most talented literary and scientific Sportsman of the age, seated in his own Study, surrounded by a collection of the most perfect works of art, as sportsmen are ever among the greatest patrons of the pencil.

It will be hardly necessary for us to name the elegant and classic writer, Nimrod, as we opine the author of the "Northern Tour," the "Condition of Hunters," "The Turf, the Chace, and the Road," the "Anatomy of Gaming," and numerous other equally popular works, will be intuitively recognized as the gentleman who forms the subject of our first embellishment. We have the more pleasure in thus bearing public testimony of the transplendant ability of Mr. APPERLEY, inasmuch as he is a regular contributor to a monthly contemporary, and therefore the humble meed of praise from us will be at once admitted as the genuine expression of an honest opinion.

That he is the greatest of modern writers on sporting subjects no one will attempt to deny; and who is there that will call in question the charm so irresistible with which he clothes even the nudity of sporting detail, by which it is read with avidity by nearly all classes of the community! Of his style we may observe, that it is at once perspicuous and classic, and there is the impress of a great mind developed upon all occasions when he commits his thoughts or experience to paper; the glowing interest which uniformly accompanies his narrations is exclusively his own, being lucid in the extreme and polished even to refinement. His study, which we have attempted to pourtray, displays the most manifest reflections on animated nature, and of the delightful and invigorating field which he has chosen, we may observe with Linnæus—to man, made for labor, due intervals of relaxation are no loss necessary than sleep is to the body when exhausted by watching; and truly unhappy may that mortal be reckoned to whom nothing affords amusement. He who is exhausted by the more weighty labours has the greatest need of rest; but rest, not tempered with pleasure, becomes torpid insensibility. The principal reward of labour which the Creator has granted to man is leisure with enjoyment; and mortals generally exert their utmost efforts to obtain it.

But to proceed:—Through the writings of Nimrod, British sports have assumed a much higher and more interesting tone than they had ever been wont; and there is a morality without cant which we can scarcely forbear quoting by way of illustration; we refer to the commencement of his papers on "Anatomy of Gaming," wherein he observes, in language too refined to be forgotten, "That in the course of my life I have done harm—and perhaps I may ask, Who has not?—there can be no doubt; if, then, it be permitted to me now to do good, it may be good for me—it may be useful to me on the balance of the account that will some day be struck,—and may perhaps prevent one side of the scales from quite kicking the beam." How contrary to the barbarous theories and absurdities connected with sporting in the last century is such a quotation from the pen of the most popular sporting writer of the present day! Without reverting to the times when jockies rode in tie wigs, and men would not venture to a trout stream unless furnished with a velvet cap—when country gentlemen deserted their lady-loves by cock-crowing in the morning, to see the sun rise above a fox-cover—when no pond could resist a bait prepared with a dead man's finger, and a sucking mastiff stuffed with snails and judiciously roasted was a sovereign remedy for a shoulder slip;—without reverting to these, what changes have not occurred within our own recollections through the instrumentality of a pen so highly appreciated as that of Nimrod's! The mystic arcana of the old professors have vanished before him, and through him the sporting world has undergone a total revolution, and produced a new order of men and things based upon practical and scientific improvement.

In conclusion, we can assure our readers that we experience considerable diffidence in thus acquitting ourselves of the duty which is imposed upon us, by attempting a very brief eulogy upon the talented individual already referred to; we only regret that the office has not devolved upon those who are better qualified for such an undertaking than ourselves, at the same time we feel cognizant of the fact, that had we been able to have pronounced all that was possible, we should not have done more than justice to Mr. Apperley, whose writings entitle him to our warmest commendation, and to the patronage and support of the sporting world at large. That he may long continue as the *landmark* of British Sporting Literature, is our ardent hope, and while hill or forest bound the sporting adventures of others, and the "deep sea" itself is made subservient to the pastimes of the people of Great Britain, that while our flag, which in war bore "the battle and the breeze," in peace sweeps over the blue wave, which owns its power, and would almost prove that the elements themselves cannot bound the *sportive enterprize* of the true-born Briton—that while memory holds her seat, we again say may the writings of Nimrod be appreciated as they deserve to be by the sporting community.

We hope the subject of our illustration, and the style of its execution, will ensure general applause, as we conceive it to be an excellent specimen of taste. The portrait is allowed to be an excellent likeness, while the walls of the study—which are covered with favorite fox hounds,—hunters,—setters,—spaniels,—and stuffed specimens of the angle,—trophies of deer and fox-hunting, &c.,—compose a picture which will not yield in interest to any that have preceded it.

London Sportsman for May.

THE LATE NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

In consequence of the letters addressed to the Stewards of the Jockey Club in the December Number of the Sporting Magazine, a meeting was appointed by them at Messrs. Weatherby's, Oxendon-street, London, for the Monday following the Craven week, to investigate the statements which appeared in my account of the Newmarket St. Leger in the First October Meeting, 1837. The correspondence which took place at the time between Mr. Greville and myself has already made public the points at issue, viz., whether 20 to 1 were the odds at any time against Mango for that race, and whether any concealment had been used as to the actual nature of the casualty which had befallen him immediately preceding it. In the justification which I published in the same Number I used these words: "To the patrons of this work, to the whole Sporting World I appeal, whether I have not adduced proofs corroborative of the *existence* of such reports as I have alluded to. Whether true or false I was bound to notice them, or have been prepared to shew why I alone of all those who had reported that affair cushioned the rumors that were in circulation about it. I have, as I believe, done my duty, if I have exceeded it, I shall cheerfully acknowledge the error at that tribunal where I shall appeal to be heard, and offer such *amende honorable* as may be held fitting." In accordance with that promise, I take the earliest opportunity, after being put in possession of it, to lay before the public that which I am now satisfied is the fact as regards both questions.

In proof of the odds against his horse never having been those *quoted* by me, Mr. Greville called Mr. Crockford and the Newspaper Reporter for Tattersall's. Without alluding to the evidence of those parties, I admit, upon the faith of a letter read to me from Col. Peel, that I was deceived by my sources of information, that the price stated to me had not been *current* about Mango, though offered in a single instance, and have to express my regret for the unintentional error into which I was betrayed both to the public and to Mr. Greville.

Upon the second point, Mr. Dilly, Mr. Greville's trainer, was called, who stated that no kind of concealment had been practised as to the accident to Mango, and also that he had not a shilling depending upon the race for the St. Leger. A letter was read from Lord George Bentinck, to the effect that Mango was galloped by John Day on the Banbury Mile at three o'clock on the afternoon preceding that event in his Lordship's presence, a circumstance of which every one at Newmarket *might* have availed himself; while testimony was borne by the Duke of Beaufort, Colonel Anson, and Captain Rous, to the straight-forward, honorable conduct of Mr. Greville in all that related not only to that case, but to every other in which they had known him engaged.

I have thus given the authorities by which Mr. Greville disproved the statements in my notice of the Newmarket St. Leger, because I would place the affair before the readers of this work as it addressed itself to me. Having expressed my regret, I have done all that an honorable man can do towards those he may have unintentionally injured. If I have been brief in my notice of the meeting, it arises from want of space alone, and a desire not to permit the earliest opportunity to escape of possessing the public with the result of it. CRAVEN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May.

THE NEW FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVING CLUB.—A plan is on the tapis to form a New Four-in-Hand Club, somewhat similar to that so well known in former years, to be composed of those noblemen and gentlemen who are known to be "good whips," and who sport their "fours" in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. It is, we hear, to be called "The Richmond Driving Club." With pleasure we shall hail the formation of such a club, as tending to give a new impetus to the encouragement of the breed of carriage horses, and adding splendour to any popular assemblages which the members may grace by their presence, such as Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood, as well as Hyde Park, and the favorite drives round the metropolis. Among those likely to constitute the Club, the following, we believe, have declared their acquiescence:—The Duke of Beaufort, the Earls of Chesterfield and Suffolk, Lord Macdonald, Count Bathyany, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Alford Louis Ricardo, Esq., Harvey Aston, Esq., H. Villebois, Esq., Capt. H. Pitt, &c &c. Several carriages are preparing for a start, which will take place to-morrow, from Chesterfield House to Richmond, and the "teams," we know, are such as to command admiration. The rules and regulations have not yet been fully digested.

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

The following incident is sketched with great spirit, and is made highly interesting. It is from an English Magazine:—

We had a negro on board of a very sullen and repulsive aspect, who bore the cognomen of Quaco. He belonged to the captain of the schooner, who had treated him with great kindness and employed him as cook. The crew having been much fatigued with their exertions that day, the captain ordered his cook to make some good coffee, and enough for all on board. This was presently brought us, but the lad who served as steward, an intelligent Creole youth, the moment he placed it on the table, besought us not to touch it, saying that he felt certain that there was something wrong in it, and that he had already cautioned the crew. The captain was inclined to treat the boy's warning as some idle suspicions, observing that the man had not been on shore, and that the medicine chest was safely locked. But nothing could pacify the boy.

"Look at it, Sir," said he earnestly; "smell it, and say if it is as it ought to be."

"Why, it is rather thick," said the Captain; and taking the cup in his hand, added, "and it does smell rather queer."

I enquired whether he had any test on board that might detect anything deleterious.

"Yes," said he, "I have a test, and a sure one;" and he reached a case from the lockers, from which he drew a brace of pistols and very deliberately began to load them.

"What would you do?" I exclaimed. "Surely upon such slight grounds you would not"—

"Don't be alarmed," interrupting me, "I shall do nothing rash;" and he coolly examined the flints. Having loaded and primed the weapons—"Call down Quaco and all the crew."

They came into the cabin. The cook was called forward, and the crew thronged around the door.

"Quaco," said the captain, sternly, "drink that cup of coffee to the very dregs."

"I don't like coffee," said the African, drawing back in evident surprise and alarm.

"Swallow it this instant!"

The negro looked as though he understood the action of his master, if he did not fully comprehend his words, for he appeared to meditate a flight on deck; but the crew seemed to anticipate his intentions, and their angry gestures told what mercy he might expect at their hands. Meanwhile, all was silent as death, save the clicking noise which accompanies the cocking of pistols. The negro paused, big drops of sweat poured down his dark brow like rain, his eyes glared wildly round, and the paleness of death was on his lips.

"Drink it this instant, you black murderous villain!" cried the Captain, who had now no doubt of his guilt; and he levelled his pistol at his head.

The negro took a spoonful of the mixture, though trembling with fear. He held it in his mouth for a moment, and then shuddering, spit it out.

"Force him to take it, sir," said one of the sailors.

"He would have poisoned the whole of us," said a stout Angosturin; "St. Antonio and the saints keep us!" and he crossed himself devoutly. The sailors made advance as though they would have enforced the request of the former when the captain cried out—

"Stand off, let no one lay hands on him."

He then emptied the cup which held the liquid into a vessel containing about a pint or more, and thus addressed the negro:

"Do you see these pistols? each contains two balls. You are a guilty man if you refuse to drink that coffee which you have made, and you only choose your death; for as God is just, your minutes are numbered. But if you drink and are unharmed by it, I will give you your freedom for accusing you unjustly. I promise it in the presence of these witnesses. Now drink it."

The African, with a convulsive grasp, seized the jug, and while his teeth chattered against its edge, drank every drop; then rolling his eyes frightfully, either in fear or agony, sunk with a deep groan upon the floor of the cabin. A murmur of execration arose from the crew as he fell, and not one moved forward to assist the wretched man. Whether the captain thought he was hardly warranted in enforcing such summary justice, or that a slight shade of compassion came over him, he immediately endeavored to ascertain the nature of the poison with which it was evident the coffee had been drugged; but the negro either could or would not answer. We examined his chest, and sought for a clue, but without success, until one of the crew discovered a quantity of Savannah flowers *echiths* (*suberecia*) a most deadly poison, which the assassin had picked out from the refuse of the mules, the instinct of the animals always inducing them to reject it from their food. Satisfied with this discovery, we returned to the cabin, where we found the youth who had warned us in the first instance, on his knees, returning thanks to Providence for having been the means of saving us all from a dreadful death. We prepared an emetic of white vitriol, which we forced the murderer to swallow; but it was useless. It brought on a slight vomiting, but in a few minutes he expired in dreadful agony.

COURTSHIP vs. MARRIAGE.

The difference between courtship and marriage was never more forcibly explained than in the following *Charcoal Sketch*:—

"What made you get married if you don't like it?"

"Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a courting. Now courting's fun enough—I havn't got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dicky, and go and talk as sweet as sugar or molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you.

"When I was a single man, the world wagged on well enough. It was just like an omnibus. I was passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it but sit down and not care a button for anything. S'posing the omnibus got upset—well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a time; but afterwards it's plaguy like owning an upsot omnibus!"

"Nan," queried Montezuma, "what's all that about omnibusses?"

"What did I get—by it?" continued Gamaliel, regardless of the interruption. "How much fun? Why, a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting all good spreeing money on such nonsense, for other people? And then as for doing what you like; there's no such thing. You can't clear out; when people's owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree; for when you come home missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners—for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can do nothing. Instead of 'Yes, my duck,' and 'No, my dear,'—'As you please, honey,' and 'When you like, lovey,' like it was in courting times, it's a darning and mending, and nothing ever darned and mended.

"If it wasn't that I am particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough. It's heart-breaking, and it's all owing to that I've such a pain in my gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on these stairs."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggrawated. My wife's a savin critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday go to meetings to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittles to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamp-lighter—I can't stand it—my troubles are overpowering when I come to think of 'em and add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man."

"How can I be a man when I belong to somebody else? My hours ain't my own—my money ain't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till, that I must bust up. I'll break and sign over the stock in trade to you."

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.—A circumstance occurred on the Prince's arrival at Washington, which must have furnished him and his suite with some merriment. He had arrived in the city perfectly *incog.*, and in a dress "marvellously ill-favored." With his friends in a similar costume, he called at Gadsby's for "bed and board." The person to whom the party applied, after surveying them from head to foot and not conceiving a very exalted opinion of their *pecuniosity*, told them there was no room in the Hotel. They next went to Brown's hotel, where they were similarly scrutinized, but were informed there were only two rooms, *in the garret*, unoccupied. As the travellers were tired, they accepted of this *elevated* dormitory, rather than go further. The bar keeper presented his book as usual, for the names of the visiters, and when the Prince signed his with all his titles, &c., &c., &c., the man in a flurry, rang the bell, called Mr. B, ordered the *best chamber* to be immediately prepared for the *Royal* traveller! This must have recalled to the mind of the Prince a similar scene in the amusing adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache, in which the hero stops at a fashionable hotel where he had been very badly received some time before on account of his shabby appearance; but when he called in an elegant carriage and stepped in habited in brilliant style, here was no end to the fatiguing splendor of his reception. Baltimore Trans.

The Queen's equestrian corps generally consists of seventeen persons; her Majesty, if the weather permits, never rides less than for three hours; one day she is said to have kept her attendants on the trot full 25 miles.

The Countess of Essex is said to have made a liberal settlement on her two nieces, lately performing at Mr. Braham's theatre, on condition of their quitting the stage.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - - - -	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d week in Dec.
" "	Match, $10.000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
Beans' Station, Tenn.	Match, $1000 a-side, *Levinia Rudd* vs. *Ann Barrow*, 4th July.
Camden, N. J. - - - -	Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
Jefferson Co., Miss.	Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
Milledgeville, Ga. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Montreal, L. C. - - -	St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 28th Aug.
New York City. - -	Beacon Course, Match, $2000 a-side, Three mile heats, in harness, *Awful* (trotter) vs. *Oneida Chief* (pacer), on 4th July.
New Orleans, La. - -	Metairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
Olympian Springs, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
St. Matthews, S.C. -	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
Trenton, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is again our agreeable duty to return thanks to our numerous friends for the successful exertions they are everywhere making to extend the circulation of this Journal. Since our last, communications have been received from the following gentlemen, each containing from one to six additional subscribers to our list:—G. W. T. Esq., Philadelphia—Dr. H., N. Y.—T. B. Esq., Florida—W. S. H. Esq., La.—J. G. Esq., S. C.—J. B. Esq., Ga.—N. M. L. Esq., N. C.—J. W. Esq., Pa.—A. G. M. Esq., Miss.—P. P. Esq., Ga.—I. B. K. Esq., Md.—M. B. W., Mass.—Lieut. W. S. H., Ky.—J. T. Esq., Michigan—C. F. M. N. Esq., Arks.

We have a sporting article on our table from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, "*Sechright*," entitled the "Fox Chase," which, had not the excellence of his former articles rendered us somewhat fastidious, might have claimed an early insertion. We have read a thousand and one accounts of fox-hunting adventures, and invariably found them flat, stale, and unprofitable; indeed we consider it impossible to render the chase of sly Reynard equal in interest to that of the more ferocious and powerful denizens of the forest—an opinion which this *comparative* failure of our American "Nimrod" goes very far to confirm. Let him then point anew his "grey goose quill," and selecting a theme more worthy of his powers, again electrify the readers of the *Spirit* from Red River to the hoary Thames, with his original and life-like portraitures of the Chase.

"Sam Seadrift's" letter of the 21st reached us yesterday, in which he refers to a previous one that has not turned up. We shall be glad to hear from him frequently.

There are some half dozen correspondents whose favors are in type, but which are unavoidably omitted this week.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced over the *Spring Hill Course*, on the 1st inst. We are indebted to Mr. Farris, the Proprietor, for the annexed report:—

THURSDAY, June 7, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

B. R. Jenkins' s. f. *Mary Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Sir William	1 1
James Shy's s. f *Barbara Allan*, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson	3 2
Wm. Moberly's b. f. *Mary Burnim*, by Archie of Transport, dam by Stockholder	2 3
S. Davenport's b. c. *Boyle*, by Frank, dam by Whip	4 dist.

Time, 1:58—1:55. Track heavy.

FRIDAY, June 8—Silver Pitcher, value $100, added to a Poststake of $50 each, free for all ages. Weights—for 3 year olds as above—4 yrs, 100lbs.—5, 110—6, 118—aged aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats. Six subs.

R. Mosby's b. c. *Ralph*, by Woodpecker, out of Brown Mary by Sumpter, 3 yrs	1 1
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. h. *Ben Duncan*, by Cherokee, dam by Sir Harry, 6 yrs	2 2
James Shy's s. f. *Barbara Allan*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	4 3
Raisin Jordan's br. m. *Bellona*, by Mucklejohn, dam by Whip, 6 yrs	3 4
Samuel Aldridge's s. f. by Collier, dam by Whip, 3 yrs	5 dist.
B. R. Jenkins' r. c. *Lorenzo Dow*, by Archie of Transport, dam omitted, 3 yrs	dist.

Time, 3:58—3:55.

SATURDAY, June 9—Post stake for all ages, weights as before. Sub. $25 each, with the gate money added. Mile heats.

B. R. Jenkins' s. m. by Archie of Transport, dam by Doublehead, 5 yrs	2 1 1
Thos. M. Kennedy's b. f. *Susan Allan*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	3 2 2
Raisin Jordan's s. f. by Clinton, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs	1 3 dr
S. Davenport's b. f *Peachy Fry*, by Trumpator, out of Polly Nailor, 3 yrs	dist.
James Dunn's s. c. by Collier, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 3 yrs	dist.

Time, 1:53—1:54—1:55.

H. W. Farris, *Proprietor.*

ELKHORN (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

Major Luckett, the Secretary, furnishes us with the following report, through "The Commonwealth," published at Frankfort:—

THURSDAY, May 24, 1838—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. *Limber John*, by Kosciusko, dam by Moses, 4 yrs	1 1
Sinclair & French's b. f. *Mary Ford*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 4 yrs	2 2
John C. Herndon's b. h. *John Anderson*, by Seagull, dam by Albert	dist.
Dr. W. G. Offutt's b. c. by Woodpecker, dam omitted, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 1:57—2:04. Track very heavy.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse $150, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

James Ford's b. c. *Cain*, by Brunswick, dam by Prince Richard, 4 yrs	3 3 1 1
Benjamin Lockett's b. h. *Chilton*, by Seagull, out of Hazzard by Wonder, 6 yrs	1 2 2 2
Robt. Burbridge's b. f by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs	2 1 3 3

Time, 4:34—4:10—4:10—4:04. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, May 26—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a purse; weights as before. Sub. $25 each, and $25 added. Mile heats.

Wm. Buford, jun.'s b. c. *Brandy*, by Abdalderman, dam by Tiger	1 1
Robt. Burbridge's gr. c. by Singleton, dam by Whipster	3 2
Lewis Saunders, jun.'s s. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster	2 3

Time, 1:56—1:54.

It is due to Mr. Saunders to remark, that his mare has been but a short time in training, and whilst in training she took the distemper, and has very lately recovered.

Ben. Luckett, *Proprietor and Sec'y.*

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio) SPRING RACES.

The Secretary, through the "Sciota Gazette," furnishes the following official report:—

MONDAY, May 14, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds (colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.) raised in the State of Ohio. Five subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

James Prior's ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, by Woodpecker, out of Betsey Richards by Franklin Beauty	1 1
John McNeill's ch. c. *Bolivar*, by George, out of Kitty Fox by St. Tammany	2 2
John G. Harley's br. c. *Broken Sword*, by Wehawk, dam by Thornton's Rattler	dist.

Time, 2:00—1:59.

TUESDAY, May 15—Purse $100, for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before. Mile heats.

James Prior's ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, pedigree above	2 1 1
Eli P. Bentley's ch. f. *Gleam*, by Bertrand, dam unknown	1 2 2
Jeremiah Minor's bl. c. *Black Flag*, by Flag of Truce, dam by Imp. Knowsley	3 dist.
Wm. Palmer's br. f. *Miss Star*, by Star, dam unknown	dist.

Time, 1:56½—1:57—2:04.

WEDNESDAY, May 16—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lb to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Wm. Palmer's br. c. *Hard Heart*, by Buck Elk, dam by Quicksilver, 4 yrs	1 1
J. Minor's ch. m. *Jenny Deans*, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Knowesley, 5 yrs	2 2

Time, 6.56—6:10.

THURSDAY, May 17—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

John G. Harley's bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Wehawk, dam by Rockingham, 4 yrs	1 1
Wm. Palmer's br. f. *Vanity*, by Traveller, dam unknown, 3 yrs	3 2
H. Jefford's (J. V. Cunningham's) b. h. *Partnership*, by Star, dam by Coriander, aged	2 dis

Time, 4:10—4:01.

FRIDAY, May 18—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Nathan Weatherby's b. m. *Lady Hope*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 y.	1 1 1
E. P. Bentley's ch. f. *Gleam*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	3 2 2
Harrison Waller's b. m. *Jenny Deans*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	4 3 3
John G. Harley's br. c. *Cornplanter*, by Wehywk, dam unknown, 4 yrs	2 dist.
H. Jefford's ch f ——, blood unknown, 3 yrs	dist.

Time, 2:04—2:04—2:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Subscription Purse $71, free free for any horse, mare, or gelding, that had not won a race this meeting. Catch weights. Mile heats.

Wm Palmer's b. f. *Vanity*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1 1
J. V. Cunningham's b. c. *Scioto Ranger*, by Star	4 2
A. Doggett's ch. h. *Tip Top*, by Regulus, dam unknown	2 dist.
James Davis' bl. c. *Black Jim*, by Tariff, dam by Democrat	5 dist.
H. Waller's bl. c. *Black Flag*, pedigree above	3 dr
E. Bentley's gr. f. ——, blood unknown, fell, and was	dist.

Time, 1st heat not kept—2d, 2:04.

W. Marshall Anderson, *Sec'y.*

TORONTO (U. C.) SPRING RACES.

The following report is furnished by the "Patriot." One of the Officers of the Club writes us its accuracy may be relied on:—

Stewards, John Powell, Esq., Mayor of the City, Col. Kingsmill, Col. Dewson, Maj. Gurnett, Col. Carthew, Maj. Denison, Maj. Magrath, William Goring, Esq.; John Maitland, Secretary and Treasurer.

On Wednesday, 23d inst., the sports commenced under the most favorable auspices, as far as relates to weather, and the course in as fine order as could be wished for by the most fastidious sportsman. The course presented a goodly muster of those connoisseurs in turf matters, who are generally to be found wherever sport is expected, viz., a good many betting men, keen sportsmen from the other side, Kingston, Port Hope, Hamilton, Niagara, and elsewhere, and the officers of the different corps stationed in the city, with a tolerable sprinkle of country gentlemen; and we had pleasure in noticing on the grand stand and in the various respectable carriages on the course, many of those beauties of human kind, (for which our city and environs is now so famous), whose fine and fascinating countenances gave zest and delight to the events of the meeting. And it is to be hoped, as our turf has now become respectable, that future meetings will be still more numerously graced by the gentry of the Province, to represent something like the appearance of a race course such as we have witnessed in our native land, where the great and mighty give their popular attendance and support.

The road to and from the city afforded a most lively appearance, being crowded with vehicles of all kinds and descriptions, from the bang-up four-in-hand to the city job-cart, and were not without their full complement of passengers, some of them amounting even to cruelty Vans. Now and then could be seen "a Barkley and Perkin's dray horse," jogging along at a steady pace with at least half a dozen of heavy weights to the scene of merriment, but all "coming it" as the state of their means best afforded, and pride allowed them. The lives of those of her Majesty's liege subjects who more humbly padded the distance on hoof, were often endangered by the furious driving of the different Jehus, and the break-neck riding of the many equestrians.

Col. Dewson being appointed by his brother Stewards to start the horses, Wm. Goring, Esq., to be Judge, Mr. Maitland at his usual post to weigh the jockies, and the course easily cleared and kept by Maj. Denison at the head of his soldier-like troop—at one o'clock the sports commenced with

The City Plate of Fifty Sovereigns, the gift of the Inhabitants; free for all horses; 2 yr. olds a feather—3 yr. olds to carry 6st. 9lb.—4, 7st. 9lb.—5, 8st. 4lb.—6, 8st. 10lb.—and aged, 9st. Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Geo. W. Yarker's ch. h. *Midas*, by American Eclipse, 5 yrs	1 1
Mr. Chapman's b. m. *Yorkshire Lass*, by Duncan Grey, 4 yrs	2 2
Mr. Dexter's b. g. *Limber Jemmy*, by Henry, aged	3 3
Mr. Hobson's br. h. *Jack Downing*, by Sir Archy, 6 yrs	dist.

This race created great excitement, and afforded much sport. The Yorkshiremen and many others backed freely their imported mare "t'oud" Lass, the favorite against the field. A false start, when that astonishing "leetle" wag Limber Jemmy came in first, the Yorkshire Lass second (pulling up lame), Midas saving his distance. They again went off, Jemmy leading, followed by the Lass for the first mile and a quarter, when the running was taken up by Midas, who was never again headed, and won easily. Second heat.—Midas made play all the way, was never headed, and won cleverly. It astonished every one to see the "t'oud" Lass come in as she is placed, knowing that she ran the two heats on three legs; it only shows what English blood and bottom will do. The issue of the race might have been different had she not fallen lame. Considerable sums of money changed hands.

The Royal Foresters' Plate of 21l., given by the Officers of that Regiment, for Horses bred in the Province that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry; 3 yr. olds to carry 10st. 7lb.—4, 11st. 4lb.—5, 11st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 12st. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen riders.

Mr Dexter's ch. m. *Fanny*, by Messenger Duroc, 5 yrs	Mr. W. Monro.	1 1
Mr. Hutton's b. g. *Elcho*, aged	Mr. Bowlr....	3 2
Capt. Boulton's br. g. *Erin*, 6 yrs	Owner	2 3
Mr. Newlove's *Fox*, by Foxhunter, 3 yrs	Owner	dist.
Capt. Pocock's ch. g. *Forrester*	Owner	dist.

Fanny was the favorite against the field. The turn-out and jockeyship of the different gentlemen jocks in this race would have done credit even to a Heaton or Eglinton Park meeting. Each of the heats was well contested, three keeping together till within distance, when Fanny came out and won both heats easily.

After the above, came off a race for a handsome Jockey Saddle, free for all horses not exceeding 14 hands high, catch weights, which afforded most excellent sport. It was won by Mr. Howard's *Poney* in two heats, beating five others.

THURSDAY, May 24—*The County Plate of Fifty Pounds*, free for all horses, 2 yr. olds, a feather—3 yr. olds to carry 7st. 3lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6, 9st. 4lb.—and aged, 9st. 7lb. Heats, once round and a distance. The winner of the City Plate to carry 10lb. extra.

Mr. Geo. W. Yarker's ch. m. *Rival*, by American Eclipse, out of Jane-on-the-Green by Imp. Expedition, aged	Bob Phair.	1 1
Mr. Baird's bl. g. *Black Swallow*, 5 yrs		2 dis
Mr. Grantham's b. m. *Bessy Bedlam*, aged		3 dis
Mr. Chapman's b. m. *Yorkshire Lass*, 4 yrs		dist.

The betting was even between Black Swallow and Rival, Bessy not mentioned. They made a beautiful start, all going off together, Rival and Swallow alternately leading until within distance, when Bob, giving the mare a pull, gave Swallow the go-by, and won by a length. It was one of the best run heats we ever witnessed on this course. Second heat.—Rival took the lead; when about the end of the first half mile Swallow broke down. He was comical in his fore legs before starting, and his failure did not astonish the "knowing 'uns."

The Queens Own Plate of 21l., the gift of the Officers of that Regiment, for horses that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Weights and distance same as for the Forester's Plate. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Dexter's ch. m. *Fanny*, 5 yrs	Mr. W. Monro.	1	3 1
Mr. Howard's b. g. *Charlie*, 4 yrs	Owner	3	1 3
Mr. Wilcox's b. g. *Bay Billy*	Mr. Quile	2	2 2
Captain Pocock's ch. g. *Forrester*		dist.	
Captain Boulton's br. g. *Erin*		dist.	
Mr. Newlove's b. c. *Fox*		dist.	

Fanny was the favorite at 2 to 1 vs. the field. The first heat was a pretty race, and won by half a length—3d heat won easily.

ENVOY

Was imported from England by the Hon. Judge Wilkins, late Minister from the United States to Russia. He is now 5 years old, of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is 16 hands and one inch high. He is now at the stable of Mr. Lewis K. Grigsby in Winchester, Clark County, Ky., where it is intended by his owners he will remain for the present, and where he will be introduced to a few mares only, and them of good pedigree. Mr. Grigsby has now in his possession a filly by Envoy, out of a Moses mare, owned by James Wilson, foaled on the 14th April last, which, from present appearances, is not second to any in the United States.

Pedigree of Envoy.—Envoy was sired by Meumon, who was certainly the most distinguished horse of his day—he was by Whisker (brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c.) out of Manilla by Dick Andrews; her dam Mandane, by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Calibri, &c. The dam of Envoy is Zarina, by Morisco, by Muley; her dam, Ina by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander—Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab, &c. &c. &c.

JAMES WILSON, Proprietor.

Extract of a Letter from a highly respectable Gentleman in Kentucky, dated April 21, 1838:—

"Mr. Wilson,—I went to see your imported horse *Envoy*, at Mr. Grigsby's—he was very fine, and appears, in all his parts, to be all he ought to be. I also saw the filly by Envoy, out of your old Moses mare: it was foaled on the 14th April, and is really very large and very fine. You speak highly of a colt you have, 11 months old, but I doubt very much if you have as fine a colt as this, and from its appearance, Envoy must breed well."

June, 1838. [J23-6t*]

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

No. 155

BROADWAY NEW-YORK,

COLT'S PATENT.

The above Company have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

BEACON COURSE, NEW JERSEY.

$1200 IN PURSES, WILL BE GIVEN FOR FOOT RACING, And other Athletic Exercises, on this Course, being within one mile of New York.

The MEETING for the above Purses will commence on Wednesday, 27th June, and continue two days.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY. (To commence at 1 o'clock.)

A Purse of $300 for a Foot Race, Two mile heats, the best 3 in 5 to win the money. $25 of the purse to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the greatest distance Walked in one hour. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $25 for Running two hundred yards. $5 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the Highest Leaps over a Bar, (to Run and Leap). $10 of the money to the 2d best.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY.

A purse of $550 for a Foot Race, Three mile heats. $50 of the money to go to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for Running a quarter of a mile. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the farthest three Jumps, (to Stand and Jump.)

Same Day—A purse of $25 for the farthest Pitch of a Bar.

Same Day—To close the performance, a purse of $100 for a Bag Race, three hundred yards. $15 of the money to the second best, $10 to the third best; if there should be but two entries, the second will be entitled to $25.

☞ Entries for the purses of $300 and $500 will close on Saturday, the 23d of June, and all other Entries to close at 5 o'clock in the Evening, the day previous to the Race.

Entries to be made with Mr. SLOAT, at the Course. For either of the above Purses two or more must enter to entitle the Winner to the money.

Persons wishing to enter for the above, will give information of the same to Mr. Sloat, as early as possible.

All difficulties to be decided by the Judges of the day.

Persons entering for any of the above Purses, will be charged 5 per cent. for each Purse so entered for.

C. S. BROWNING, One of the Proprietors of Beacon Course.

P.S.—In case of unfavourable weather a *White Flag* will be hoisted at the Stand, which may readily be seen from the city. [J2-4t]

Sweepstakes, Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga.

The Annual Jockey Club Meeting over this course, will take place the 2d week in December next.

On the second day of the meeting will come off a Sweepstakes, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Closed with four subs., viz:—

Col W. Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
John Morrison & Co. name ch. c. *Highland Henry*, by Henry, out of Highland Mary.

The following Sweepstakes will also come off over the same course, on Saturday, the last day of the meeting:—

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds Spring of 1838; sub. $500 each, h. ft., declaration $100, to be declared two weeks previous to the race. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st August next. Now five subs.:—

Col Wm. McCargo. | John Morrison | G. Edmonson.
Col W. Hampton. | Iverson & Bonner.
Augusta, Ga., June 5, 1838. [J16]

TROTTING—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES, free for all Trotting Horses, will be run for on the 4th of July next:—

First Race, at 3 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Second Race, at 5 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats, in Harness.

A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$500
Same day—Two mile heats	750
Second day—Three mile heats	1200
Third day—Four mile heats	2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse	1000

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S GARRISON, RICHARD ADAMS, THOMAS J. WELLS, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, April 15, 1838. [a28] S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.*

St. MATTHEWS (S. C.) RACES.

THE Annual Races, over the Richardson Course, will commence on Tuesday, 8th January, 1839, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, sub. $100, P.P. Two mile heats. Closed with nine subs, viz:—

John C. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery.
James B. Richardson names b. c. by Virginius, out of Financier.
Edward Richardson names br. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock.
John Colclough names s. c. by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko.
Donald Rowe names s. f. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko.
Thos. Richardson names b. f. by Virginius, dam by Sir Archy.
P. McRa names b. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Financier.
P. M. Butler names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Imp. Merryfield.
J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Dorken, out of Sortorius.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. } Free for all.

[m12 8t] THOMAS OLIVER, *Secretary.*

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats	$500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats	700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats	1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5	300

} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary. [ap21] F. K. W.

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Applicat on to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [A26]

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamuts, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c.

New York, April, 1838. HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

TO SPORTSMEN.

INDIA RUBBER BOOTS, of the ordinary length, or topped with India Rubber Cloth, for Shooting or Fishing.—These boots are much lighter than leather, are very durable, and of course perfectly water-proof. A variety of these Boots, with and without leather soles, constantly on hand or made to order.

A general assortment of India Rubber Articles, among which are Ladies' and Gentlemens Lines and Over Shoes, Cloth of every description, Mitter's Horse Boots, Life Preservers, Life Vests, etc. etc. S. C. SMITH, India Rubber Store, 66 Chatham-St, [J9-3t*.] Second door above the Commercial Bank.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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